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OFFICE CORNER OF CEDAR STREET AND BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1830. NEARLY OPPOSITE THE CITY HOTEL.

LITERATURE &c.

CONSOLATION FOR BACHELORS.

Don't bother us, Hal, with your love-broken hearts,
Away with this whining and sorrow;
A fig for your Cupid, his bow, and his darts!
Fill the glass, and let care come to-morrow!

The girl that you loved has deceived you—why, then,
Thank your stars that the match has miscarried;
The wench that would jilt you when single, 'tis plain
Would readily wrong you when married.

Her heart, like a weathercock set on a hill,
To pleasure for ever is veering;
And she drives down the current of passion and will,
Like a ship on the ocean careering.

Give her wealth, give her wealth, give her tinsel and show,
Give her banquetings, music, and laughter,
And she'll make to herself a snug heaven below,
For fear she should have none hereafter.

She'll ogle at church, she will scheme at the ball,
She will flirt at the rout and the revel;
She will cant at conventicles, sneer in the hall,
And laugh at both parson and devil.

Her charms are but summer flowers spread o'er the snare,
To which stupid simpletons hurry;
For if a man wants a long life-lease of care,
Let him marry, by Jove, let him marry!

And then, like the knight in the tale, he will sleep
In the fetters in which she hath bound him,
Until he awake from his slumber deep
With the squalling of urchins around him.

Then why, my dear Hal, should you idly repine,
That you've got no such pest by your ingle?
Thank Heaven, that has left you a cup of good wine,
A good friend, and good sense to live single. W. W.

CEMETERY OF THE BRITISH OFFICERS NEAR BAYONNE.

On my return from a tour in Spain with a young friend, this last autumn, I passed a week at Bayonne. On the morning of the 24th of September, the rain, which had been falling in torrents all night, having moderated, though not entirely ceased, we were enabled to walk out and visit the ground which obtained so much unhappy celebrity in 1814. Crossing the long wooden bridge over the river, we came to what seems a detached portion or suburb of Bayonne, though it is a separate municipality, called St. Esprit. This quarter contains a great many Jews. Ascending the steep road to Bordeaux, we at length, according to directions we had received, struck off into a side road along a height to the right. From this side road we had a most commanding prospect, which, in spite of the cloudy, gloomy, sullen atmosphere, appeared both grand and beautiful. The valley beneath us, traversed by the winding Adour, presented the whole town of Bayonne, with all its old buildings and its immortal recollections. The narrow vale is begirt with woods and pretty hills; and beyond, crowned with labouring clouds, arose the stupendous summits of the Pyrenees. Advancing, we reached the small ancient church of St. Etienne. With some difficulty, we found in the church yard the grave of General Hay, who was slain on the 14th April, 1814, in the action occasioned by a sortie of the French from the citadel of Bayonne, which the British troops then blockaded. It is pretty well known that the French officer who commanded in the citadel was extremely averse to this sortie, which he was compelled to make in obedience to the peremptory orders of Thouvenot, his superior officer, who commanded in the town of Bayonne. After many brave men had been killed on both sides, in the sortie, the French were repulsed. Thouvenot, it afterwards appeared, was previously aware (though not officially informed) that Napoleon's reign had ended; and two days after the sortie, the white flag of the Bourbons was displayed from the citadel.

Intelligence of the meditated attack was carried to General Hope, the British commander, by a French deserter; but the General, in galloping from his quarters to the front of his lines, was intercepted and taken prisoner by a French party, in a wood, which we afterwards traversed. He offered his watch and money to a French sergeant as the price of his release; but the sergeant rejected the offer. On his way as a prisoner to the citadel, Hope and several of his captors were wounded by the fire of the British troops. He afterwards sent for the French sergeant, praised his behaviour, and offered him as a testimony of esteem what he had refused to take as a bribe; but the sergeant declined to accept any thing from a prisoner.

General Hay was killed in the churchyard of St. Etienne, and there he was buried. The marble grave stone expresses that it was erected by his officers. It is surrounded by grass and nettles. After earnestly surveying it, and reading the inscription again and again, we plucked and have preserved a weed that overhung the hearse's resting-place.

Returning to the Bordeaux road, we had to traverse another cross road in an opposite direction to the last, in order to attain the main object of our peregrination—the cemetery of the other British officers who fell in the Bayonne sortie—situated, as we were told, in the grounds of Monsieur Leon, a wealthy Jew.—We engaged an old peasant to guide us; and he, though he knew where, or at least whereabouts, the cemetery was, had some difficulty to find it. We traversed foul, miry ways, and advancing much further than I had expected, obtained a view of the debouchement of the Adour into the gulf of Gascony. Striking off from the road into the grounds of Monsieur Leon, we reached a most romantic sequestered region, consisting of a multitude of low furze and heath-clad hills, on the side of one of which, "with thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild," we beheld the cemetery. Despite of rain and mud we pushed on; but it was no easy matter to approach, for there is no road nor pathway, and hardly access through a wilderness of thorns, briars, and bushes. We went round and round the cemetery, tearing our clothes and skins, but long unable to reach or even nearly approach it. It seemed as if some stern guardian genius "access denied" to all idle, careless intrusion. However, at length, after toiling up a steep side less bristling with reliance than the rest, we gained the exterior wall of the cemetery, and entered it by a flight of rude steps. It is a small square space enclosed by a wall, and surrounded by willows and poplars. A few other melancholy shrubs are there; and a lovely Italian cypress ascends in the middle of the little plat of honour's ground.

"Here sleep the brave, who sunk to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest:
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod."

It is indeed (to pursue the fine strain of Collins) as "a weeping hermit," that fancy must repair to and linger on this spot, which is rather a hermitage than a temple of glory. But the place is as much neglected within as without; and rank grass and weeds threaten soon to obliterate the memorials of the brave. On the few tombstones (seven or eight in number) are engraved only the initial letters of the names of those who tenant the gory beds below. All bear the date of April 14, 1814. On one I remarked these letters—"Sir H. S., Bt., Lt.-Col. Coldm. Gd." On a second, "Honble. W. G. C., Cap. Coldm. Gd." On a third, "G. C., L.-Col. Coldm. Gd." On a fourth, "W. B., Cap. Coldm. Gd." On a fifth, which is most beautifully wreathed with creeping shrubs, "W. P., Ensign., Coldm. Gd." On a sixth, "J. H., Lt. 60th Regt." There are one or two other stones uninscribed, or having the inscriptions obliterated.

After a visit which we prolonged in spite of the rain that now fell heavily upon us, we plucked and appropriated a small branch of the cypress—"*invisos cupressos*"—and bade a reluctant farewell to this singularly wild, lovely, romantic, and interesting spot.

"Oh! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name!" &c.

These well known lines of our illustrious countrywoman, Joanna Baillie, recurred to my memory, as I afterwards recalled the strong, deep, mingled sentiments of tenderness, honour, respect, and national pride, which every one of the little tombstones in the cemetery had awakened in my heart. I am sure that there is no mind undebauched by fashion, and undepraved by meanness or ignorance, that would not derive a higher and nobler gratification from contemplating that silent scene, than from gazing on the living pomp and show of the most splendid Court in Europe.

We were obliged to set off for Bordeaux next morning. But, a little before our departure, I was informed by a respectable banker of Bayonne, that the British Consul, who had been absent for some time, had just returned, and had announced his purpose of repairing and improving the condition of the cemetery, in conformity with instructions which he had received from the British Government. I hope that such instructions have really been given, and that they will be properly attended to. If I could have remained a few days longer at Bayonne, I would have caused the lines above quoted from Collins to be engraved on a plate of copper, and attached to the wall of the cemetery. It would be well, I think, in place of the present tomb-stones, to substitute others of more enduring quality; and as the idea (once entertained, I believe), of transporting the bodies to England, is now of course abandoned, surely instead of the initial letters, the names of the dead heroes should be recorded at full length.—*Correspondent of the Times.*

POETRY OF MRS. HEMANS.

From the last Edinburgh Review.

It has been so little the fashion, at any time, to encourage women to write for publication, that it is more difficult than it should be, to prove these truths by examples. Yet there are enough, within the reach of a very careless and superficial glance over the open field of literature, to enable us to explain, at least, and illustrate, if not entirely to verify, our assertions. No man, we will venture to say, could have written the Letters of Madame de Sevigne, or the Novels of Miss Austin, or the Hymns and Early Lessons of Mrs. Barbauld, or the Conversations of Mrs. Marcet. These performances, too, are not only essentially and intensely feminine, but they are, in our judgment, decidedly more perfect than any masculine productions with which they can be brought into comparison. They accomplish more completely all the ends at which they aim, and are worked out with a gracefulness and felicity of execution which excludes all idea of failure, and entirely satisfies the expectations they may have raised. We might easily have added to these instances. There are many parts of Miss Edgeworth's earlier stories, and of Miss Mitford's sketches and descriptions, and not a little of Mrs. Opie's, that exhibit the same fine and penetrating spirit of observation, the same softness and delicacy of hand, and unerring truth of delineation, to which we have alluded as characterising the purer specimens of female art. The same distinguishing traits of a woman's spirit are visible through the grief and the piety of Lady Russel, and the gaiety, the spite, and the venturesomeness of Lady Mary Wortley. We have not as yet much female poetry; but there is a truly feminine tenderness, purity, and elegance, in the Psyche of Mrs. Tighe, and in some of the smaller pieces of Lady Craven. On some of the works of Madame de Staël—her Corinne especially—there is a still deeper stamp of the genius of her sex. Her pictures of its boundless devotedness—its depth and capacity of suffering—its high aspirations—its painful irritability, and inextinguishable thirst for emotion, are powerful specimens of that morbid anatomy of the heart, which no hand but that of a woman's was fine enough to have laid open, or skilful enough to have recommended to our sympathy and love. There is the same exquisite and inimitable delicacy, if not the same power, in many of the happier passages of Madame de Souza and Madame Cottin—to say nothing of the more lively and yet melancholy records of Madame de Staël, during her long penance in the court of the Duchesse de Maine.

But we are preluding too largely; and must come at once to the point, to which the very heading of this article has already admonished the most careless of our readers that we are tending. We think the poetry of Mrs. Hemans a fine exemplification of Female Poetry—and we think it has much of the perfection which we have ventured to ascribe to the happier productions of female genius.

It may not be the best imaginable poetry, and may not indicate the very highest or most commanding genius; but it embraces a great deal of that which gives the very best poetry its chief power of pleasing; and would strike us, perhaps, as more impassioned and exalted, if it were not regulated and harmonised by the most beautiful taste. It is infinitely sweet, elegant, and tender—touching, perhaps, and contemplative, rather than vehement and overpowering; and only finished throughout with an exquisite delicacy, and even serenity of execution, but informed with a purity and loftiness of feeling, and a certain sober and humble tone of indulgence and piety, which must satisfy all judgments, and allay the apprehensions of those who are most afraid of the passionate exaggerations of poetry. The diction is always beautiful, harmonious, and free—and the themes, though of infinite variety, uniformly treated with a grace, originality, and judgment, which mark the same master hand. These themes she has borrowed, with the peculiar interest and imagery that belong to them, from the legends of different nations, and the most opposite states of society; and has contrived to retain much of what is interesting and peculiar in each of them, without adopting along with it, any of the revolting or extravagant [illegible] which may characterise the taste or manners of the people or the age from which it has been derived. She has thus transfused into her German or Scandinavian legends the imaginative and daring tone of the originals, without the mystical exaggerations of the one, or the painful fierceness and coarseness of the other—she has preserved the clearness and elegance of the French, without their coldness or affectation—and the tenderness and simplicity of the early Italians, without their diffuseness or languor. Though occasionally expatiating, somewhat fondly and at large, amongst the sweets of her own planting, there is, on the whole, a great condensation and brevity in most of her pieces, and, almost without exception, a most judicious and vigorous conclusion. The great merit, however, of her poetry, is undoubtedly in its tenderness and its beautiful imagery. The first requires no explanation; but we must be allowed to add a word as to the peculiar charm and character of the latter.

It has always been our opinion, that the very essence of poetry, apart from the pathos, the wit, or the brilliant description which may be embodied in it, but may exist equally in prose, consists in the fine perception and vivid expression of that subtle and mysterious analogy which exists between the physical and the moral world—which makes outward things and qualities the natural types and emblems of inward gifts and emotions, and leads us to ascribe life and sentiment to every thing that interests us in the aspects of external nature. The feeling of this analogy, obscure and inexplicable as the theory of it may be, is so deep and universal in our nature, that it has stamped itself on the ordinary language of men of every kindred and speech: and that to such an extent, that one half of the epithets by which we familiarly designate moral and physical qualities, are in reality so many metephors, borrowed reciprocally, upon this analogy, from those opposite forms of existence. The very familiarity, however, of the expression, in these instances, takes away its poetical effect—and indeed, in substance, its metaphorical character. The original sense of the word is entirely forgotten in the derivative one to which it has succeeded: and it requires some etymological recollection to convince us that it was originally nothing else than a typical or analogical illustration. Thus we talk of a penetrating understanding, and a furious blast—a weighty argument, and a gentle stream—without being at all aware that we are speaking in the language of poetry, and transferring qualities from one extremity of the sphere of being to another. In these cases, accordingly, the metaphor, by ceasing to be felt, in reality ceases to exist, and the analogy being no longer intimated, of course can produce no effect. But whenever it is intimated, it does produce an effect; and that effect we think is poetry.

It has substantially two functions, and operates in two directions. In the *first* place, it strikes vividly out, and flashes at once on our minds, the conception of an inward feeling or emotion, which it might otherwise have been difficult to convey, by the presentment of some bodily form or quality, which is instantly felt to be its true representative, and enables us to fix and comprehend it with a force and clearness not otherwise attainable; and, in the *second* place, it vivifies dead and inanimate matter with the attributes of living and sentient mind, and fills the whole visible universe around us with objects of interest and sympathy, by tinging them with the hues of life, and associating them with our own passions and affections. This magical operation the poet too performs, for the most part, in one of two ways—either by the direct agency of similes and metaphors, more or less condensed or developed, or by the mere graceful presentment of such visible objects on the scene of his passionate dialogues or adventures, as partake of the character of the emotion he wishes to excite, and thus form an appropriate accompaniment or preparation for its direct

indulgence or display. The former of those methods has perhaps been most frequently employed, and certainly has most attracted attention. But the latter, though less obtrusive, and perhaps less frequently resorted to of set purpose, is, we are inclined to think, the most natural and efficacious of the two; and is often adopted, we believe, unconsciously by poets of the highest order;—the predominant emotion of their minds overflowing spontaneously on all the objects which present themselves to their fancy, and calling out from them, and colouring with its own hues, those that are naturally emblematic of its character, and in accordance with its general expression. It would be easy to show how habitually this is done by Shakspeare, and Milton especially, and how much many of their finest passages are indebted for force and richness of effect to this general and diffusive harmony of the external character of their scenes with the passions of their living agents—this harmonizing and appropriate glow with which they kindle the whole surrounding atmosphere, and bring all that strikes the sense into unison with all that touches the heart.

But it is more to our present purpose to say, that we think the fair writer before us is eminently a mistress of this poetical secret; and, in truth, it was solely for the purpose of illustrating this great charm and excellence in her imagery, that we have ventured upon this little dissertation. Almost all her poems are rich with fine descriptions, and studded over with images of visible beauty. But these are never idle ornaments: all her pomps have a meaning; and her flowers and her gems are arranged, as they are said to be among Eastern lovers, so as to speak the language of truth and of passion. This is peculiarly remarkable in some little pieces, which seem at first sight to be purely descriptive—but are soon found to tell upon the heart, with a deep moral and pathetic impression. But it is a truth nearly as conspicuous in the greater part of her productions; where we scarcely meet with any striking sentiment that is not ushered in by some symphony of external nature—and scarcely a lovely picture that does not serve as a foreground to some deep or lofty emotion. We may illustrate this proposition, we think, by opening either of these little volumes at random, and taking what they first present to us.—The following exquisite lines, for example, on a Palm-tree in an English garden:

"It waved not thro' an Eastern sky,
Beside a fount of Araby;
It was not fann'd by southern breeze
In some green isle of Indian seas,
Nor did its graceful shadow sleep
O'er stream of Afric, lone and deep.

"But far the exiled Palm-tree grew
'Midst foliage of no kindred hue;
Thro' the laburnum's dropping gold
Rose the light shaft of orient mould,
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,
Purpled the moss-beds at its feet.

"Strange look'd it there!—the willow stream'd
Where silvery waters near it gleam'd;
The lime-bough lured the honey-bee
To murmur by the Desert's Tree,
And showers of snowy roses made
A lustre in its fan-like shade.

"There came an eve of festal hours—
Rich music filled that garden's bowers:
Lamps, that from flowering branches hung,
On sparks of dew soft colours flung,
And bright forms glanced—a fairy show—
Under the blossoms to and fro.

"But one, a lone one, 'midst the throng,
Seem'd reckless all of dance or song:
He was a youth of dusky mien,
Whereon the Indian sun had been—
Of crested brow, and long black hair—
A stranger, like the Palm-tree, there.

"And slowly, sadly moved his plumes,
Glittering athwart the leafy glooms:
He pass'd the pale green olives by,
Nor won the chesnut flowers his eye:
But when to that sole Palm he came,
Then shot a rapture through his frame!

"To him, to him its rustling spoke,
The silence of his soul it broke!
It whisper'd of his own bright isle,
That lit the ocean with a smile;
Aye, to his ear that native tone
Had something of the sea-wave's moan!

"His mother's cabin home, that lay
Where feathery cocoas fringed the bay;
The dashing of his brethren's oar,
The conch-note heard along the shore;—
All thro' his wakening bosom swept:
He clasp'd his country's Tree—and wept!

"Oh! scorn him not!—the strength, whereby
The patriot girds himself to die,
Th' unconquerable power, which fills
The freeman battling on his hills—
These have one fountain deep and clear,—
The same whence gush'd that child-like tear!"

But we must stop here. There would be no end of our extracts, if we were to yield to the temptation of noting down every beautiful passage which arrests us in turning over the leaves of the volumes before us. We ought to recollect, too, that there are few to whom our pages are likely to come, who are not already familiar with their beauties; and, in fact, we have made these extracts, less with the presumptuous belief that we are introducing Mrs. Hemans for the first time to the knowledge or admiration of our readers, than from a desire of illustrating, by means of them, the singular felicity in the choice and employment of her imagery, of which we have already spoken so much at large;—that fine accord she has established between the world of sense and of soul—that delicate blending of our deep inward emotions with their splendid symbols and emblems without.

We have seen too much of the perishable nature of modern literary fame, to venture to predict to Mrs. Hemans that hers will be immortal, or even of very long duration. Since the beginning of our critical career, we have seen a vast deal of beautiful poetry pass into oblivion, in spite of our feeble efforts to recal or retain it in remembrance. The tuneful quarto of Southey are already little better than lumber;—And the rich melodies of Keats and Shelley,—and the fantastical emphasis of Wordsworth,—and the plebeian pathos of Crabbe, are melting fast from the fields of our vision. The novels of Scott have put out his poetry. Even the splendid strains of Moore are fading into distance and dimness, except where they have been married to immortal music; and the blazing star of Byron himself is receding from its place of pride. We need say nothing of Milman, and Croly, and Atherstone, and Hood, and a legion of others, who, with no ordinary gifts of taste and fancy, have not so properly survived their fame, has been excluded by some hard fatality from what seemed their just inheritance. The two who have the longest withstood this rapid withering of the laurel, and with the least marks of decay on their branches, are Rogers and Campbell; neither of them, it may be remarked, voluminous writers, and both distinguished rather for the fine taste and consummate elegance of their writings, than for that fiery passion, and disdainful vehemence, which seemed for a time to be so much more in favour with the public.

If taste and elegance, however, be titles to enduring fame, we might venture securely to promise that rich boon to the author before us; who adds to those great merits a tenderness and loftiness of feeling, and an ethereal purity of sentiment, which could only emanate from the soul of a woman. She must beware of becoming too voluminous; and must not venture again on any thing so long as the "Forest Sanctuary." But, if the next generation inherits our taste for short poems, we are persuaded it will not readily allow her to be forgotten. For we do not hesitate to say, that she is, beyond all comparison, the most touching and accomplished writer of occasional verses that our literature has yet to boast of.

THE TWO SEASONS IN LONDON.

1824 AND 1829.

To the Editor of the Court Journal.

After some years expatriation in the perfomance of diplomatic services in several of the southern courts of Europe, where, it must be confessed, our intrigues were not always strictly political, I returned to England in the month of May of the present year, for the purpose of joining the giddy throng and entering into all the gaieties of the London season:—but what a woeful change was here! half the leading houses were closed; entertainments were not given on the same scale as heretofore; even the style and beauty of our debutantes were not what they had been: in many cases Weippert took the *pas* of Colinet, and all *fetes champetres*, and water-parties were nipped in their bud, by the unprecedented wetness of the season. The contrast of the present may have struck me more forcibly from the unusual brilliancy of the year 1824. With the exception of Devonshire House, which still shines in its meridian splendour,—and long may it remain the centre of fashion and taste!—there was "a beggarly account of empty" houses from Hyde Park Corner, to the remote Thule of Charing Cross. Apsley House was turned out of window; Cholmondeley House was just sold; Lord Hertford's was an absentee; Burlington House was as dreary as its Arcade; Chandos House was indisposed; Mrs. Hope had no ball; Emily Lady Londonderry, alas! was no more; and Northumberland House was in exile. Here was a prospect for the budding beauties of 1829!

"Look upon that picture and on this!"

Since the period when the sovereigns visited London, there had not been a season more remarkable for its brilliancy than that of 1824,—as to the number and splendour of its fetes, the many foreigners of importance who were present at the time, the matchless graces of the "beauties" of the day, and from the circumstance of several of our principal houses being opened for the first time after rebuilding or repairing. Who but must recollect the intense interest with which all thoughts were directed to Northumberland House, on its first opening, after being hermetically sealed, shunning the light of day, and choked with dust and cobwebs, for above half a century!—and who can have forgotten the splendour and brilliancy of that night, and the detail of the whole building fresh from the hands of the architect! If expectation received a check on first entering, it was only to give increased effect to the splendour of the principal staircase, and its vestibule cased with the rarest marbles, and intersected by columns of various colours and structure, and the balustrades of its double flight of steps, surmounted by a chandelier of rare costliness and dimensions; while, at the opposite end of the house, our attention was directed to the ball-room 120 feet long, fitted and decorated in the old style. The other rooms in this house are small and low in proportion, and there is a great want of pictures: those which had belonged to the family were alienated two generations back by an entail.

The party itself was a "squeeze" in its literal sense—what was formerly called a drum—but certainly no hum-drum in the present case, there being too much to admire: though it was more than once observed, "What a pity the Duchess does not give a ball!" but that ball has never yet taken place at Northumberland House.

Among the novelties of the night, the upper servants were in full court dresses. Though nothing could be more pleasing than the *accueil* of the Duchess, it was generally agreed, that had anybody appeared there by invitation, as often occurs, without a previous personal introduction, he might have left the house without distinguishing Her Grace.

I cannot help alluding to an interesting *debut* that was made on this occasion. I should not have digressed, had not the subject of it been also that of all our regrets—it was Miss Digby. I never yet met the person who could pronounce upon *the most* beautiful of all that he had seen of women. Nor could I myself award the prize in strict justice to my own impressions; though I have been often tempted to allow that palm to the above-named lovely person as she appeared on this occasion, teeming with all the graces of early youth; as many a wondering eye expressed, "the force of beauty could no farther go." I shall never forget the interesting simplicity of her manner, and the mild, unpretending, I might almost say, demure character of her deportment. In less than six months after, she became Lady Ellenborough; and, as I well recollect, on its first announcement, no less than five love-sick swains took to their beds in despair.

It was also in this eventful season that Lord Hertford first opened his new house in Piccadilly. This was an event long looked forward to, not only by those who were fond of something new and splendid, or who liked a good ball any where, but also in consequence of the possessor's well-known taste and discriminating judgment in all matters relating to art. It was well know by the virtuosi, that Lord Hertford had been long making a costly collection in every department of the arts, but had never before had a house large enough for their display: all eyes were therefore prepared to be dazzled—all tastes to be gratified:—and no one, who knew the princely splendour of his Lordship's habits, entertained a thought of disappointment: all London was on the qui vive, and impatient for the coming night; and I shall long remember the delight with which I, as a younker, received from his Lordship's own mouth, the honour of a bidding to his ball. The more so, as I well knew that nobody was invited but by himself: the dandies chose to say Lady this, or Lady that, could get them a card; but the fact was, they were all in his lordship's own hand-writing, and no person had permission to bring, or face to ask.

The long-looked-for night at length arrived.* The programme of the entertainments was a French play, to be succeeded by a ball and supper. The outer hall was lined by servants in their richest liveries; the inner one and staircase by grooms and pages; and as you ascended you were presented with a play-bill on highly decorated vellum. You were received in the third saloon; and after passing a second drawing-room, you entered the grand ball-room,—at the head of which was a theatre that corresponded with the other decorations of the apartment, in white and gold, and surmounted with the motto "*Veluti in speculum.*" The theatre opened with "*L'Ours et le Pacha: Vaudeville folie en une acte;*" and never did Laporte, Pellissie, Delia, and St. Ange, exert themselves with happier effect. The play being over, the party adjourned to the adjoining apartments, while the benches, which had served as a pit in the ball-room, were removed. This movement gave us an opportunity to gaze upon the rare stores and rich *morceaux* that every step presented to our observation—whether paintings, bronzes, cabinets, china, or bijouterie. The general regret was, that the occasion was not favourable for their contemplation. These interesting objects, set off by the most splendid lustres, looking-glasses, hangings, newly-gilt walls and cornices, and surrounded by the richest furniture, afforded a combination that can rarely be witnessed in its freshness.

On returning to the great ball-room, all eyes were struck with its beauty and magnitude, the regularity of its proportions, and the simplicity of its decoration. Colinet now gave the signal, and the ball began. I could here subjoin a long list of what the "loves" and the "graces" had lent in aid of our fete. I will satisfy myself with distinguishing a few from "that proud throng." The Duke of Brunswick led out Lady Elizabeth Conyngham; while the handsome foreigner of his day, Count Karoly, that night took the hand of Lady Sarah Beresford;—among others, I can recollect the Lady Barnetts, Miss Seymour, Lady Charlotte Ashley, Lady Caroline Montagu, Lady Caroline Beauclerk, Miss Fitzclarence, Miss Martin Arbuthnot, Lady Charlotte Osborne, Miss Crofton, Lady Mary Ryder—a galaxy of beauty on which the eye could scarcely dwell, undazzled. According to my veteran notions, "we ne'er shall look upon their like again." They have all chosen fitting partners, and are now distinguished by other names, as by other merits.

The dance went on merrily, when a loud bell announced the hour of quiet. This bell was an experiment, by way of something new, but has since been discontinued, as it had the effect of drawing off too many people together from the upper rooms.

The supper was the most perfect thing of its kind that could be imagined. Before every cover was a small printed *carte*, which made you acquainted with every thing on the table. I am not sufficiently a gastronome to remember the removes, the *entrees*, the *hors d'œuvres*, or the minor details of the bill of fare; yet it would scarcely be an act of justice to the *artiste*, to omit mentioning his *Hures de Sanglier* his *Bastillons de Volaille a la Mazarine*, his *Dame de Saumon au beurre de Montpellier*, his *Baba au Marasquin*, or his *Creme au Cafe Moka*. For myself, if nectar were placed within my reach, I could not touch it at midnight, and after dancing; but there were some who made a selection of the above, merely by way of improving their tastes, or giving a proficiency to their palates. The Royal Family supped on the stage in the great ball-room, with the Duchess of Leeds, Emily Lady Londonderry, and a small coterie of their own. Dancing was resumed after supper, and kept up till a splendid sunrise sent us reluctantly to our homes. I would not, for something, give up the bright recollections of that night.

In the succeeding week to this, Holdernesse House was also thrown open for the first time, which has since been the site of so many brilliant fetes. That house having already fallen under the observation of the Court Journal, I need not dilate on the splendour of its first *ensemble*, as it burst upon us in the fullness of its glory.

It was also in 1824, that Mrs. Coutts first shone forth a resplendent luminary in our fashionable hemisphere. In consequence of Lord Sandon's marriage, Lady Harrowby had taken her by the hand, and in conjunction with Lady Stafford, and the more influential members of Mr. Coutts's family, who had profited by her Grace's liberality, she was pronounced *bon ton* by a fiat not to be gainsayed.

Exuberant as was the first fete at Holly Lodge, in all that could gratify the taste and charm the imagination, it came upon us "like a thief in the night;" nothing was known of it till a few days before hand; but when proclaimed, all were dying to be of the elite. It was a cheerless day, but Fortune had showered her gifts with an unsparing hand upon the land, and luxuries were lavished with the same measure of magnificence. Garcia and his daughter were the nightingales of the grove, and the ballet was admirably executed on the lawn: nothing was wanting but the god of day to give effect to the scene. Fetes of equal magnificence have since taken place, but I question if a similar constellation of the supreme bon ton, has shone with equal lustre on any subsequent occasion.

In continuing my contrast between the things that are, and those that were, I cannot help alluding with painful interest to Emily Lady Londonderry's delightful *soirees* in St. James's Square. From my earliest years I had heard of their fame and glory, whether from the presence of the Allied Sovereigns, or since, of the first appearance in London of the Persian Ambassador; and afterwards of the renowned suppers that took place here after the Opera—the most *recherches* reunions of the day, when the minister who then ruled our destinies, the associate of kings, had just achieved his part in the important events of that important era. Though these had now passed away, the associations of this spot were sufficient to lend a high interest to the assemblies that here took place; if they did not possess one equally valuable, from the amiable manners and kind-heartedness of her who presided over them, and whose memory I shall long cherish with unfeigned respect.

I could dilate with the same melancholy satisfaction on the private balls and *petits soupers* given by Lady Waterford, for Lady Sarah's first introduction, did it not remind me of the tragical events that so soon closed on that scene of then undisturbed gaiety.

In alluding to the deficiencies of the present year, I must not omit the delinquencies of those from whom we might have expected better things. At the head of these is Mrs. Hope, whose parties, in point of exclusiveness, have no parallel. Hers is the only house in London that may be termed strictly select; even Devonshire House is second to it in this respect: and here appears the influence of rank in the affairs of high life: our chief nobility can afford to take a wider range in their invitations—they think it a point of hospitality, if not an appendage to their state, to throw their protecting shield over the greater part of those who are in any way acquainted with them—and hence the squeezes that take place at Lansdowne, Northumberland, and even Devonshire Houses; while no one is less eager to be of the number, because, either from local association in the country, or political views elsewhere, "odd people," whom nobody knows, happen to be included. But in houses of less elevated rank, on whatever ground their claims may be founded—on high connexion, personal merits, or exceeding wealth—the merit of their parties must rest solely upon their exclusiveness; and not even at Lady Jersey's have you a more ultra-select assembly than at the Bastille in Duchess Street. The balls at the period of 1224 were of the highest order;—nowhere did the Polonaise appear to the same advantage, when Colinet took the lead, and every one in the house fell into the ranks, to hear the music as it advanced and receded through the spacious saloons and long-drawn galleries; with the Duke of Devonshire and Mrs. Hope (as she appears in Lawrence's portrait) acting as the coryphees of the throng—the effect was magical:—this was before the statue gallery was broken up and removed to Deepdene.

I should apologize, Mr. Editor, for so far prolonging my reminiscences, did I not conceive that the dullness of the present time might induce you to tolerate the remembrance of so brilliant a period. I will not detain you longer than by making a few additions to my list of those who might have dispelled the dullness of the past season,—in the hope that they will make amends, ere it be too late, in the ensuing one of 1830. Lady Ravensworth had several charming *fetes champetres*, which the weather did not favour—but no ball,—and her balls have few parallels. The last time I saw the Duke of Cambridge was in the true German spirit, was at this house, with Lady Cowper. Mrs. George Byng did not receive at all this season. Lady Grantham gave nothing. The Duchess of Bedford, the Duchess of Portland, (and who can forget their festivities?) blanks! Lord Chesterfield has not yet given any entertainment on a grand scale; and to these I could add the names of Lady Verulam, the Dowager Lady Ellenborough, the Duchess of Montrose, Princess Esterhazy,—who must not be permitted to spoil another campaign by their inertness: even the *Greenwich* Breakfast, to which the *avenues* were so *difficiles*, has not been repeated. To judge from this rota of defaulters, we may calculate upon ample retribution in the season that is to come.

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* We detect an inaccuracy in this part of our valuable Correspondent's letter—but we shall neither point it out nor correct it—in the belief that the writer has inserted it knowingly.—*Ed. C. J.*

MEMOIRS OF A BASHFUL IRISHMAN.

I am of that numerous fraternity—an ill-used man. Not, however, by art, which has in some degree rectified my physical defects, but by nature, who, for reasons known only to herself, has thought fit to afflict me with an incurable bashfulness. This singular visitation has been my curse through life. It has stuck to me, like the admiration of tyrants to a bishop, through good and through evil report. Some folks have been ruined by their perverseness, others by their cunning, others by

their candour, others by their extravagance; but I am the victim of modesty! The O'Biarneys of Connemara were always a bashful race, and have not degenerated into impudence in my person. The family blush—red turned up with yellow—still lends its roseate elegance to my cheek, its healthful freshness to my lip, its engaging expression to my eye. With these remarks, which nothing but a respect for truth could have extorted from me, I commence the long catalogue of my sufferings.

My father was a farmer in the neighbourhood of the town of Galway—a sweet spot, which, if you except its bogs and bulrushes, might be pronounced highly cultivated. For myself, however, I was never much given to the picturesque; so, on reaching the age of eighteen, left Loch Corrib and the wilds of Connemara, in company with a wooden-legged corporal, for the purpose of enlisting in the 33th regiment, part of whom were then stationed at Limerick. With this battalion I soon afterwards quitted Ireland for the Continent, where I arrived just in time to reap my earliest laurels in the plains of Talavera. Yet strange to say, even there, on the field of battle, where an utter absence of all ceremony was the distinguishing feature of the day, my unconquerable diffidence got the better of me. I could never bear to be stared at; and the French Lancers, with their black moustachios and bold faces, have such an impudent way of looking at one, that, in order to avoid the gaze of these ill-bred foreigners, I was compelled to retire into the *rear*, among some baggage-waggons, where, during the engagement, I busied myself in looking for my mother's portrait. For this act of filial duty, I was next day tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to receive four hundred lashes on my bare back. Conceive the effect of this punishment on a man of my constitutional bashfulness! For the lashes I cared nothing—I was always courageous; but the idea of stripping before a company of rude soldiers was what I could not endure. Accordingly, I soon made up my mind as to the course fittest to be pursued; and, taking advantage of the momentary absence of my guard, contrived to escape the degrading punishment, by hurrying off on the adjutant's fleetest horse towards the nearest sea-port town.

Here I lay concealed for upwards of six weeks, at the end of which time I procured the situation of sub-gardener to a nunnery, in which capacity I distinctly remember being much edified by the frequent spiritual communications that took place between the sisterhood and the monks of a neighbouring monastery. But alas! one warm summer evening, the French entered the neighbourhood. Great was the alarm of the nuns, infinite their sighs, abundant their tears. They soon, however, became reconciled to their lot; for, so far from interrupting, the enemy assisted *them* in their devotions, especially the commanding officer—a thin man, with two big ears, which projected from his head like the lamp-lights from a mail-coach—who took such a fancy to a fair young zealot to whom I had been some hours betrothed, that I could not do less than acknowledge the compliment. This was promptly done by my bribing two servants of the nunnery to baptize him in a horse-pond, while I stood by and condoled with him on the catastrophe, at the same time lamenting my inability to render him more effectual assistance.

Early the next morning he sent a message requesting to see me, intending doubtless to reward me for my commiseration. People of less modesty than myself would at once have availed themselves of this opportunity of securing a recompense: I, however, contented myself with the consciousness of having done a good action, and set off betimes to the sea-coast, where I was lucky enough to secure a berth in a vessel then on the eve of sailing for England. Had it not been for this injudicious diffidence, I should no doubt have got into favour with the Frenchman; for scarcely had the vessel put to sea, when a squadron of his regiment came galloping furiously down to the beach, but, finding that they were too late to communicate with me, burst into a paroxysm of extempore imprecations—an ebullition of excessive gratitude, for which I shall never think otherwise than respectfully of them.

After a tedious voyage, I reached Portsmouth, and put up at the Blue Posts, healthy in person, but diseased in purse. And here I may observe—though the remark, I am assured, is not altogether original—that want of money is peculiarly inconvenient at an hotel. Scarcely had my fourth dinner—a repast to which I am fondly attached—evanished in the Charybdis of my thorax, when, with many bows, the landlord, who had a little bill to make up next day, presented me with my account, adding thereto a request that I would immediately discharge it. It has been my lot through life to meet with much incivility; but I think I never encountered vulgarity equal to this application. It was so abrupt—so cutting—so inhospitable, that for a time it took away my breath. In a few minutes, however, I recovered my serenity, and gravely bid the uncourteous publican to go and get me change for a fifty pound note. This he promised faithfully to do; but, as he was a most unconscionable time about it, I withdrew in despair from his inn. I was always of a hasty temperament.

On quitting the Blue Posts, I made at once for London, which I reached in capital health, but with a large hole in my shoe. Luckily, in passing along the Strand, I chanced to fall in with an old Galway friend, who held a dignified situation on the London press, and by whose persuasions I was induced to try my hand as Manufacturer of Accidents for the newspapers. In this capacity, I invented the most touching catastrophes imaginable. Scarcely a day passed but Mrs. Tomkins and her only daughter fell from a one-horse chaise into an area in Bedford or Russell Squares; or Mr. Sibthorpe, a stout gentleman of sixty, with a wig and six children, broke his neck by stumbling up against an orange-pip, which some Blue-Coat-School-boy had inconsiderately left upon the pavement. My "Phenomena" were equally creditable to my invention. The daily papers abounded in accounts of extraordinary gooseberries, which measured five inches round the waist; of Irish potatoes, on which could be clearly traced the words "Daniel O'Connell;" of three children born impromptu at a birth: of a Swiss giant exhibiting at Paris, with the calf in front of his leg; of goats with two beards, sheep with five legs, and cows with half a tail.

This occupation had continued for about a month, when a vacancy occurring in the reportership for a morning paper, I applied for the situation, obtained it, and was at once made happy in the receipt of five guineas a week. It is to the period of my connexion with the Press, that I look back with the sincerest satisfaction. There is something so modest, so retiring, so intellectual, about the Manufacturers of Accidents for the newspapers, that it is impossible not to be fascinated by their society. They are usually men of cultivated minds, varied acquirements, and polished manners; easy of access, though bashful in their address; temperate in their habits, seldom indulging in any beverage stronger than port-wine-negus; and above all, attached to their wives, and spotless in their intercourse with the sex in general.

With this accomplished fraternity I speedily became intimate, while, at the same time I won for myself high distinction in the Gallery. Few reporters surpassed me, whether for the eloquence of their style, the copious originality of their metaphors, or the singular vivacity of their logic. Night after night the members were thunderstruck at the spirit in which their speeches were taken down. Mr. Hume found himself a wit, Sir Thomas Lethbridge a Demosthenes, and Colonel Wilson a universal genius. But ingratitude is the vice of public men in England. I had only been installed a month in my situation, when I was summoned to the bar of the House of Commons for a breach of privilege, contained in a report of one Sir Thomas Gooch's orations, reprimanded by the Speaker in a style that brought the blushes of a hundred ancestors into my cheek, and then dismissed the Gallery. In justification of his complaint, Sir Thomas urged that he was not in the House at the time I attributed to him the speech in question, and that nothing but its unparalleled impudence—— But I need say no more: men of bashful temperament will at once appreciate my silence.

[The bashful gentleman then retired into the country and married a maiden lady of thirty.]

That same day, my wife and myself started off for the Continent. Paris—Bourdeaux—Florence—Lausanne—each of those places we visited in turn. At Florence, in particular, we spent ten days. I had long heard that this noble city was famous for the Fine Arts; and truly I never met with more superb specimens of cookery. But of all the continental cities, commend me to Naples. This place is the Elysium of Italy, where pleasure meets with no check from principle, nor the present from the apprehensions of the future. Still, even here, there is one thing wanting to ensure happiness, and that want I but too soon began to experience. My wife's fortune was fast oozing out of my possession, and, in order to supply the deficiencies, I was compelled to have recourse to gaming. Rash young man! In evil hour, I lost not only what little ready money I could call my own, but even all that I had in perspective. Henceforth I met with nothing but reproaches from Mrs. O'Biarney. One evening in particular, the hot-headed partner of my bosom wound up her insults by discharging a footstool at my head. This was not to be borne, more especially as it levelled a fat footman who was just entering the room with an ice-tray; and, accordingly, after casting on my wife a look in which tenderness struggled hard with regret, I rushed from her presence, snatched up her jewel-box, which chanced to be lying on the dressing-room table, pressed it next my heart, put on my boots, and bolted. In another hour—such was the distraction of my mind—I had engaged for a maritime conveyance to England, and was even far advanced in my voyage across the Bay of Naples, ere I called to mind my respected wife. But it was then too late to return. Besides, had it even been possible, I am convinced I could never have mustered assurance enough to face the woman whom I could not but feel I had wronged. My very modesty rose in arms against me—*et tu Brute!*—but to resume.

In the same cabin with myself was a slim, waspish little gentleman, fluent, communicative, and fifty-six. With this person I speedily struck up an acquaintance. He was a strolling player, who had been engaged for a term at the English theatre in Paris, till finding that his deserts were *caviare* to the multitude, he indignantly sent in his resignation. "The instant, however," added my companion, "I reach England, I shall make known the full extent of my wrongs."—On another occasion he entertained me with many curious particulars respecting his dramatic career. "I have belonged," said he, "at one time or other, to almost every theatrical corps in England. The last company to which I was attached, was the one now performing at Bath, at which place I was a prodigious favourite. Tragedy—comedy—pantomime—ballet—nothing came amiss to me. I even played the parts of animals, and not unfrequently, after electrifying the audience with my *Hamlet*, have come forward, in the pantomime, as one of the four quarters of an elephant. Once I enacted a rhinoceros to the life, and, in the character of a crocodile, ate up the late Mr. Tokeley for twenty nights in succession. Ah, Sir! genius was genius in those days, but the case is altered now. Howsever ——"

"But," said I, interrupting him, "if you were so popular at Bath, how came you to be mad enough to leave it?"

"Leave it," he replied, shoving out his chin, and thrusting his mouth close up under his nose, "it was impossible for me to stay. Flesh and blood could not put up with half the insults I endured. Why, Sir, would you believe it? notwithstanding the *eclat* I gained as a royal Bengal tiger, the manager had not only the ingratitude to put another man into the part, but even to stick his name, in large red letters, at the top of the play-bill, while he only put mine, in small caps, at the bottom, where it was mistaken for 'Vivat Rex.' Howsever ——" At this moment, and while his eye yet kindled with indignation, a lurch of the vessel precipated him headlong into my arms; the effect of which concussion was so wholly overpowering, that both of us, with the ejaculation of "Oh Lord!" in our mouths, rolled, like a couple of tar-barrels, down the cabin stair-case, nor once halted in our excursion till we had safely landed at the bottom.

The next day the vessel reached Plymouth, where I parted from the pathetic Thespian; and, after putting up a silent prayer for her happiness, pawned my wife's jewels, and hastened with the proceeds to London. Here I took lodgings at a gun-maker's in Shoreditch, and employed my leisure hours in a History of Modern Italy, with which my residence at Florence, Naples, &c., had made me thoroughly acquainted. Strange to say, my work, notwithstanding it was embellished with various engravings and descriptions of Rome—a city which nothing but an accident prevented me from visting—failed to meet with a publisher. Meanwhile my finances, like the moon, waned apace, and in less time than it usually takes to compose an epic poem, I became, what is termed, "speedy." To increase my felicity, my landlady, with whom, of course, I got into arrears, began daily to expatiate on the extent and frequency of my appetite—an ungenerous insinuation, which at the time sensibly affected me.

Just at this crisis of my affairs, when it became too manifest that I must, ere long, swell the list of fashionable arrivals at the King's Bench, I received a visit from my old ship acquaintance, the Bath actor, who, after listening to a detail of my misfortunes, advised me to accompany him on a strolling tour through Ireland. Needs must when the devil drives, and accordingly we set forward on our expedition. Our success, like our abilities, was various. In one place we picked up a few pounds by our Hamlets, Romeos, and Pierres, in another, by eating fire, and catching two brass balls between our teeth, and, in Cork, gained immortal credit by our imitations of a squeaking pig.

But by far the most amusing adventure that befel us, was one which took place at a village barn near Limerick. We had announced for representation a melo-drame, in which was to be introduced—painted expressly for the occasion—a view of the Lakes of Killarney. The announcement took prodigiously, and on the appointed night, the house was crowded to suffocation. So far all was well; but, unluckily, just at the moment when we were preparing to draw up the curtain, we discovered that our scene-painter, in revenge for some real or fancied affront offered him by the manager, had inoculated the entire landscape with pitch; and, not content with this lively sample of independence, had actually eloped from the scene of action, and, accompanied by the treasurer, carried off with him the night's proceeds. Here I was a pretty dilemma! What, in the name of fortune, was to be done? This question we kept perpetually asking each other, but, alas! not one of us could answer it.

Meantime the audience became clamorous for the curtain to draw up. Oaths, squalls, shouts of laughter and threats of vengeance, rung in every direction, and even the orchestra—notwithstanding it consisted of two fiddles and a hurdy-gurdy—failed to allay the storm. In this predicament our manager proposed an appeal to the audience. But here again a difficulty presented itself. Who was to be the spokesman? Each declined the honour in favour of the other, until, at length, it was resolved *nem. con.* that we should, all of us, attempt our escape out of a window in the rear of the stage, such being the only secret mode of *exit* that presented itself. The manager was the first to make the experiment, and being, in consequence of the failure of the last year's crop of potatoes, of a thin spare habit, he succeeded to his heart's content. The rest followed in rotation, until it came to the manager's wife's turn, who, unlike her husband, was an immensely fat woman, of singular exuberance in the rear, and who consequently stuck fast in the window with her neck and shoulders out, but the rest of her person hanging suspended over the stage. In this grotesque condition she kicked, shoved, and strove to wriggle herself through the aperture, but in vain, her obesity put a *veto* on all hopes of emancipation. I think I never saw a closer fit: she seemed actually made for the window.

At this juncture I was the only one left upon the stage. There was evidently no chance of escape; so, as a last resource—for the audience had now become furious—I resolved to make a [virtue of necessity, and indulge them with the promised exhibition. Summoning, therefore, the orchestra to my assistance, I bid them strike up "St. Patrick's Day," and then ringing a dustman's bell, which our manager had borrowed for the use of the prompter, drew up the curtain, advanced in front of the stage, made a profound obeisance, and, pointing to the lady who still hung wriggling from the window, exclaimed aloud, "Ladies and Gentlemen, behold a view of the Lakes of Killarney." Whether the likeness struck them or not, I cannot say, but, certainly, never was any appeal so electrical. The whole audience burst into shouts of laughter; nor was peace restored until they had testified the excess of their satisfaction by a general engagement, in the bustle of which I effected my escape. How the manager's wife effected hers, I know not; possibly she is sticking in the window to this hour.

I need not weary the reader with any further details of my dramatic career. Suffice to say, that nothing but my bashfulness prevented me from winning first-rate celebrity as a tragedian, an opinion to which I am strongly disposed, from the recollection of the excessive good humour that my appearance, as the murderer of Duncan, never failed to excite among the audience. Invariably, too, they encored my death-scenes; and, as this is an honour that even the late John Kemble himself was never known to receive, I appreciated it accordingly.

One thing, however, I cannot, even if I would, forget. This was my marriage with the only daughter of a veterinary surgeon at Ballynabrogue—an accident which took place after a week's introduction to the lady. And here I may possibly be told, that I was guilty of a grievous error, inasmuch as my first wife was yet alive, and sprouting, no doubt, at Naples. I plead guilty to the charge, but may urge in extenuation, that such was the havoc which successive misfortunes had wrought upon my memory, that not until the nuptial ceremony was concluded, did it occur to me, that I had committed bigamy! When, however, the dreadful truth was at length forced upon my mind, the shock it occasioned was inconceivable!

By my marriage with this lady I came into possession of a trifling share of her father's business, which, however, I soon relinquished for the more honourable calling of an apothecary. A smart shop, with a pestal and mortar on the counter; a few drawers ticketted up with gilt letters; half a dozen blue and red bottles in the window—and the thing was done. Nevertheless, my progress at first was slow, for Ballynabrogue was a ruinously healthy village. Few situations could equal it, whether for mildness of climate, or luxuriance of scenery. It stood in the midst of a common, sheltered on all sides by a range of gently swelling hills, and embellished by the aspect of a clear cheerful streamlet, which swept singing through it like a bird. The cottages were equally picturesque. One or two had doors, and a few could boast of windows, but the greater part were hospitably open to every wind that might take a fancy to look in upon them. As regards the tenants, they were in every respect worthy of their dwellings. Excepting a few small gentry, such as the attorney, the exciseman, the curate, the clerk, &c. of the parish; and a few large ones, such as the Lord of the manor, and the Lord bishop of the diocese, a fat man, whose luxuriant parks—the very deer in which had an episcopal cut about them—bore abundant testimony to the blessings of the tythe system; excepting these few individuals, the village consisted of cottagers, all of whom were in that happy state of unsophistication which the enlightened of the earth have agreed to call barbarism. Such was Ballynabrogue—an enviable spot, in every respect, but that its inhabitants were half starved.

Of course I had my full share of the general penury. Money I never expected; it was enough for me, if my patients would consent to pay me in pigs, poultry, cattle, potatoes, and so forth; but even these I rarely obtained, so irregular were the notions of the village on the subject of debtor and creditor.

But brighter days were in store for me. After trying, without success, a variety of original nostrums, I at length hit upon one which procured me immediate notoriety. I allude to my Elixir Vitæ, or infallible resuscitating balsam, a medicine which was compounded, in nearly equal portions, of bark, brick-dust, gin, and gunpowder, boiled over a slow fire, and tinctured with Scotch snuff. This inestimable specific brought a world of patients to my shop. The bark was of so bracing a nature, the brick-dust so cleansing, the gin so soothing, the gunpowder so stimulating in its effects, that no matter what the disorder might be, one ingredient or the other was sure to remove it. Now and then, indeed, it was my lot to lose a patient: and once, *I remember*, an old farmer died before he had well finished his fourth draught; but these were particular cases, and in which it was satisfactorily proved that I had been called in too late. It must be confessed, however, that, in the hurry of business, I was sometimes apt to make mistakes, and, in one memorable instance, administered to a Newfoundland dog, a blue pill intended for his master, the rector; but as the poor animal never discovered the mistake, it was not my business to expose it. On another occasion, I will not deny that I made up an anodyne for the parish clerk's blind mare, which, by a singular inadvertency on the part of the bearer, the old gentleman himself was persuaded to swallow, and for which he would have paid the forfeit of his life, had I not discovered the blunder in time, and successfully administered two drachms of a laxative syrup of saw-dust.

Among the number of my patients was a red-faced little exciseman, whose countenance, whenever he stooped to tie his shoe strings, made a point of looking like a mulberry. This annoyed him exceedingly, for he fancied himself an Adonis, and accordingly applied to me for relief, who at once prescribed copious doses of the Elixir, together with periodical blood-lettings. Unfortunately, his disease was beyond the power of medicine; for notwithstanding he took a hearty draught every day, and was bled at least three times a week, he grew gradually but perceptibly worse. The gunpowder, I rather suspect, disagreed with him, inasmuch as he went off one morning like a shot, after having taken it twice during the night in powders.

Another of my patients was an attorney, a nervous man, though impudent, and much disliked in the neighbourhood. He, too, for a time, derived benefit from my Elixir, and was even fast advancing towards a perfect recovery, when he broke his leg by a fall from a stage-coach. Amputation was the inevitable result—a job which I was called in to perform, and which I went through with such surprising dexterity, that nothing was wanting to make it a complete affair, except that the patient happened to die during the operation. His death was laid to my account, but, singularly enough, so far from injuring, it did me incalculable service. I was looked on as a sort of Brutus, who had destroyed the village Cæsar; and though, with all humility, I declined the flattering distinction, yet my neighbours still persisted in giving me the credit of the assassination. In the excess of their gratitude they even went so far as to propose purchasing me a piece of plate, on which was to be engraven the full particulars of the attorney's death; but my modesty, together with the reluctance of any respectable tradesman to trust them, effectually put a stop to the proposition.

It was about a fortnight, or perhaps three weeks, after this accident, that I was called in to attend the parish clerk, who, it seems had not quite recovered the effects of the medicine which he had swallowed instead of his mare. I found him in a high state of fever—tongue dry and furred—skin parched—face flushed—pulse above a hundred. Of course I instantly administered my Elixir, the gin of which, to say nothing of the gunpowder, wrought a quick and obvious effect. Still no decided improvement was perceptible; indeed he rather fell off than otherwise. In this ticklish condition, I advised him to call in a physician. Luckily, he took my advice; I say, luckily, inasmuch as the worthy doctor approved of all that I had done; and, after feeling the patient's pulse, pronounced him in a queer way, and then retired with me into an inner room for the purpose of consulting on the case. The following, so far as I can recollect, is the substance of this consultation:—

"Little business doing here, hey, Mr. O'Blarney?"

"Very little, indeed, doctor."

"He! he! he! 'tis no laughing matter though, hey, Mr. O'Blarney?" and the lively gentleman wound up his joke by pegging me in the ribs

with his knuckle, 'till he made me roar again. After a few further observations, in the course of which we discussed the state of the crops, of politics, the sub-letting act, and Protestant ascendancy, we returned into the patient's chamber, where the doctor wrote down a prescription, with the promise that its effects would be speedily visible.

And they were so. Early next morning, while the sun was yet faintly tipping the neighbouring hills with silver, the parish clerk awoke from a short and disordered sleep, inquired after his wife and family, gave them the paternal benediction, sunk back into torpor, slept with his fathers, and was not.

This very awkward finale, which would never have occurred had the invalid stuck courageously by my elixir, gave the *coup de grace* to my celebrity. Henceforth I began to be calumniated exactly in the same proportion that I had been praised. My elixir was pronounced a quackery, my abilities a humbug. Indeed, so strongly did the vile, capricious, fluctuating current of public opinion set in against me, that, whenever any one quitted Ballynabrogue for heaven, his neighbours would, one and all, declare that he had died by the visitation of the doctor. Even the sexton was once heard to assert, the whole population would become *subterranean*—a dull joke, but quite good enough for a grave-digger. Did I reply to such vulgar ribaldry? No: in the firm consciousness of worth, I preserved an indignant silence, until at length, driven to despair by the repeated attacks on my private, no less than on my public character, I one night turned my back on the village, leaving my respected wife behind me, as agent for the sale of my Elixir, and set out in a hurry for Dublin.

Arrived in the metropolis, I found it in an unusual state of excitement. The Catholic Association had set all parties on the *qui vive*. Here was a glorious field for ambition. A clear stage and no favour, was the motto of the papist assembly; and, in truth, I found it so; for scarcely had I opened my lips there, when, despite my very visible diffidence and embarrassment, I was received with three distinct rounds of applause. Such timely encouragement roused all the orator within me. The generous spirit of a Demosthenes swelled my bosom; Cicero banished Æsculapius; the patriot discrowned the physician.

Still, even with such brilliant prospects before me, I was at times depressed and nervous. I could not but feel that my finances, like a lady's waist, were growing "small by degrees, and beautifully less," and that such diminution would, perforce, continue until it terminated in positive invisibility. I felt too, that eloquence, though it improved the patriotism, had but little effect on the pocket. In this dilemma I resolved to essay the law. When, however, I came to reflect on the preliminaries necessary to such legal distinction, on the absence of conscience, and the presence of cash, that it required; moreover, when I considered that, without impudence, a lawyer is as "sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal," I felt, with a sigh, that the defects of nature were insuperable.

I have observed, that I was highly appreciated as an orator at the Catholic Association. This is strictly true, as also that my reputation reached even as far as Ballynabrogue, an unfortunate circumstance, inasmuch as it brought my wife to town before I was ready to receive her. Nathless, our meeting, on the whole, was cordial, and would have been more so, had it taken place under happier auspices. But worn down with penury, though brimful of patriotism, no wonder I was a trifle less uxorious than, in the fond simplicity of her heart, my wife had been led to imagine.

It has been well said, when misfortune pops in at the door, love pops out at the window. This was precisely my case. The very day after Mrs. O'Blarney's arrival, when we were both sitting at breakfast, over a slice of cold ham with a facing of white fat, a couple of immense bailiffs broke in upon our meditations, at the very moment that, by a singular fatality, I broke out at the back window. Would the reader know the reason of this very disreputable intrusion? He shall have it in a word. But first I must go back a little in my narrative. On the tenth day of my arrival in Dublin, when my exchequer was in such a consumptive condition, that, according to the Horatian adage, I might safely sing before a footpad, I began seriously to meditate on the best method of restoring it to pecuniary convalescence. While thus abstracted, it suddenly occurred to me, that as the professorships of the London University yet remained to be filled up, I might possibly obtain one of them. No sooner did this idea cross my brain, than I wrote a long letter to Brougham, in which, after stating my intellectual capabilities, I proposed myself as a professor for whatever branch of knowledge he might feel inclined to appoint me to. I added, that though I did not object to teach mathematics, metaphysics, chemistry, moral philosophy, jurisprudence, political economy, sculpture, painting, oratory, languages, or even dancing, yet that my learning lay chiefly in the *belles lettres*, including, together with the ancient tongues, the literature of the middle ages and the nineteenth century. By return of post I received an answer to this application, in which, after complimenting me, in the most flattering terms, on my modesty, the illustrious statesman declined my services, on the plea that they would excite the envy of the London candidates. The letter concluded with the best wishes for my welfare, and was satisfactory in every respect, but that it cost eighteen-pence postage.

Well, this avenue to fortune closed, a variety of other plans suggested themselves, but none appearing so likely to lead to immediate results as an advertisement for a wife, I inserted one to that effect in two of the most widely circulated papers in Dublin. The upshot was just what I had anticipated. An infinite number of replies was sent to each office. Among the lot were two Chloes, half-a-dozen Anna-Marias, a dozen and a half Bashful Maidens, three Fannys, and a widow. Of these, I selected only the last, and dispatched an answer agreeably to the direction given, stating that at a certain hour, on a certain day, I should be at a certain place, anxiously awaiting the arrival of my fair unknown. Punctual as clock-work I was there, and had waited but ten minutes, when I perceived a lady, robust and somewhat elderly, advancing veiled towards me. In an instant I was by her side, and was just preparing to enter upon business, when she inopportunely raised her veil, and disclosed the countenance of my wife—of that wife (Mrs. O'Blarney, No. 1) whom, as my readers may recollect, I had left knocking down a fat footman, at Naples. Paralysed with astonishment—remorse—affright—my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth—my knees knocked together—I stood rooted to earth, the personification of embarrassed bashfulness! "So stands the statue that enchants the world"—as I have often thought since.

In this state, I fell an easy prey to my wife, who taking a cowardly advantage of my helplessness, rained on me a torrent of abuse that quickly brought a crowd about us. Not satisfied with this revenge, she actually "showed fight," and was just preparing to tweak a memorandum on my nose with her finger-nails, when I luckily got scent of her intentions, and doubling behind an obese green-grocer in black, thrust him forward as a substitute, and fled with the speed of a hunted poet from the spot.

Late the next day arrived Mrs. O'Blarney, No. 2, and the day after that, the bailiffs, who, I regret to add, in the second week of my elopement from the window, caught me loitering in the romantic vale of Ovoca, and in a vile spirit of prosaic common-place, brought me back to Dublin. My trial took place at the ensuing sessions; and, as my diffidence would not permit me wantonly to tell an untruth (both my wives being at hand to contradict me) I at once pleaded guilty to the indictment, and as an encouragement for my candour, was sentenced to seven years transportation beyond seas. Had it not been for this inconsiderate confession, my attorney assured me I should have got off!

I am now like Themistocles in exile, with but little chance of ever revisiting green Erin. Happier than Belisarius, inasmuch only as I am less short-sighted, I am, like him, the offspring of mischance. The occasion of my banishment, however, is peculiar. Coriolanus was exiled for political contumacy; Aristides for inconvenient ideas of equity; Alcibiades for shameless libertinism; but though all four of us were unfortunate, I am incomparably the most so. That which should have been my pride, has proved my curse. I am the martyr of my devotion to Hymen. In a word, bigamy has been my ruin, just as though it did not carry its own punishment sufficiently along with it.

Then, too, this bashfulness of mine, this index to the folio volume of my afflictions, when I reflect on all that it has lost me; when I remember that had I not pleaded guilty to the bad taste of marrying two wives, I might have been acquitted, and by the integrity of the future made amends for the follies of the past; when I consider that in time, I might have won myself a name among nations, have been raised, peradventure, to the Peerage, or, as a bishop of the established church, have lent a helping hand to my Catholic fellow-countrymen; when I reflect on all this, I vow and protest I feel every disposition to run stark, staring mad. Nevertheless, even in the depths of my despair, one consolation remains. "The Lord chasteneth him whom he loveth:" and if this, indeed, be the case, it is some satisfaction for me to reflect that I am Heaven's peculiar care. Possibly, even now—as my master's daughter, a wealthy, estimable, and religious young lady, assures me—I am in training for a cherub, a chrysolite in salvation, destined to come forth in the fulness of time, and spread my new-born wings to the firmament, a blessed butterfly of Paradise.

LA PEROUSE.—VOYAGE OF CAPT. DILLON.

Narrative and Successful Result of a Voyage in the South Seas, performed by order of the Government of British India, to ascertain the actual fate of La Perouse's Expedition, &c. By the Chevalier Capt. P. Dillon. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

A modest preface, though speaking of the peculiar claims of this voyage (through tracts and among savage tribes never before fully explored) on the public attention, bespeaks indulgence for the author as a literary man, on the score of his professional education and habits. It is the first essay of an unpractised pen; but as we have to do with facts,—for ourselves we must confess that we prize it the more, on account of the absence of those qualities which are the essentials of what is significantly called book-making.

An introduction gives a concise view of the voyage of La Perouse in the Bussole and l'Astrolabe, which left Brest on the 1st of August, 1785, and the calamitous and, till recently, mysterious result of which, so long excited the commiseration and curiosity of Europe. We have also an account of D'Entrecasteux's expedition, in 1791, in search of his lost countrymen; and both narrations are extremely interesting and appropriate. Capt. Dillon then proceeds to his own eventful story. From the year 1809 he had been much engaged in the navigation of the South Seas, and in visiting and residing at several of the innumerable islands with which that vast ocean is studded. He thus acquired a knowledge of the natives, and an insight into their language, which led the way to the remarkable discovery that crowned his later efforts. But one of his earlier adventures among these savages is so painfully characteristic, that we are tempted to pause on the very outset of the work, and present the dreadful relation in the writer's own language (that of sailor's yarn) to our readers.

In 1813 the ship Hunter, Captain Robson, arrived at the *Beetee* (commonly called the *Feejee*) Islands, and the commander joined one of the chiefs, at the place where he had anchored to procure sandal-wood, in an expedition against some other tribe. Capt. R., however, soon after quarrelled with his cannibal allies; and the author tells us—

"Early in September two large canoes from Bow, carrying about two hundred and twenty or two hundred and thirty men, visited the ship, for the purpose of taking home the Europeans and their wives that joined us in May. Captain Robson about that time being sixty miles distant from the ship in the tender, attacked a fleet of Vilear canoes, and took fourteen of them; on which occasion a native of the latter place was shot dead by a small cannon shot. On the ship and cutter rejoining company, the captain proposed to heave the cutter down, to repair some damage she had sustained in her bottom. However he deemed it prudent, before doing so, to endeavour to possess himself of the remainder of the Vilear canoes, to prevent, as he said, their attacking the people while employed about the cutter, as it would be necessary to haul her on shore at high water. On the morning of the 6th of September the Europeans belonging to the ship were all armed with muskets, also those Europeans from Bow, and placed under the direction of Mr. Norman, the first officer. We landed at a place called the Black Rock, a little way to the eastward of the river: the two canoes shortly afterwards landed at the same place. We were joined by the Bow chiefs and a hundred of their men. The canoes and boats then put off into deep water, which precaution was used to prevent their getting a-ground by the tide ebbing. On landing, the Europeans began to disperse into straggling parties of two, three, and four in a group. I begged of Mr. Norman, our commander, to cause them to keep close together, in case of a sudden attack from the islanders; but no attention was paid to my remonstrance. We proceeded by a narrow path over a small level plain without interruption until we arrived at the foot of a hill, which we ascended, and soon gained the level or table-land on its top. There a few natives showed themselves, and by shouts and gestures tried to irritate us. Mr. Norman turned to the right along a narrow path, which led through a thicket to some native houses; I followed him with seven other Europeans and the two Bow chiefs, with one of their men. Here a few natives tried to dispute our passage; they were fired at—one shot dead, and the others retreated. Mr. Norman then directed the chief's house, with some others, to be set on fire. The order was immediately complied with, and all were in flames in a few seconds. A few minutes after we heard dreadful yells and shoutings of the savages proceeding from the road by which we had ascended to the table-land. The Bow chiefs understood from the yells that some of their men as well as Europeans were killed by the Vilear people, who lay concealed in ambush until they got us on the table-land, where they attacked our straggling parties, who having discharged their muskets, were killed before they had time to reload. Others I afterwards understood, on seeing themselves nearly surrounded by the savages, threw down their muskets and ran towards the boat; only two of whom escaped. In Mr. Norman's party, there were ten musket-men, with two Bow chiefs and one of their followers. We determined to keep close together and fight our way to the boats. We immediately got out of the thicket on to the table-land, where there were not more than three of the islanders, who shouted and called out to us that several of our men were killed, as also a number of the Bow men, and that we should immediately share a similar fate. On reaching the brink of the path by which we were to descend to the plain, we found Terence Dun lying dead with his brains beaten out by a native club, and the whole plain between us and the boats covered with thousands of infuriated savages, all armed. Before descending to the plain, a young man named John Graham separated from us, and ran into a thicket of bushes on the left-hand side of the road, where he was quickly pursued by the three savages above mentioned, who despatched him. The remainder of us proceeded down the precipice. On getting to the bottom the savages prepared to receive us; they stood in thousands on each side of the path, brandishing their weapons, with their faces and bodies besmeared over with the blood of our slaughtered companions. At this moment a native who came down the precipice after us, threw a lance at Mr. Norman, which entered his back and passed out of his breast: he ran a few yards and fell down apparently dead. I fired at this native and reloaded my musket as soon as possible,—when on turning round I found my companions had all run off by different routes. Taking advantage of the absence of the natives, who had all quitted the path and pursued our unfortunate flying men, I dashed along with all the speed that was possible, but had not proceeded more than a few yards when I came on the dead body of William Parker, who was prostrated across the path with his musket by him, which I took up and retreated with. About this time the natives observed me and gave chase. One of them came up so close to me that I was obliged to throw Parker's musket away, as also a pistol which I had in my belt. In a moment after this I reached the foot of a small steep rock that stood on the plain. Finding it impossible to get to the boat through the crowds of natives that intercepted the pathway, I called out to my companions (some of whom were on my right,) 'take the hill! take the hill!' We then got to the top of it, where I joined the following persons: Charles Savage, Luis, a Chinaman, and Martin Bushart, with Thomas Dafny and William Wilson. The three former men resided at Bow, and joined us at this island for the purpose before mentioned; the two latter were seamen belonging to the ship. Mic Macabe, with Joseph Atkinson and the two Bow chiefs, were killed: those men had joined us also here. Dafny fired his musket on the plain, and then broke it off at the butt in defending himself. He was wounded in several parts of the body, and he had four arrows stuck in his back: the point of a spear had pierced his shoulder, having entered from behind and came out in the fore part under the collar-bone. It fortunately happened that the rock or hill to which we escaped was so steep that few persons could ascend it at a time; and it was too elevated for the natives to annoy us much with their spears or slings. They, however, shot several arrows at us, which were impeded by a strong gale of wind that blew them off their intended course. Our chief officer having fallen, I now, as next in rank, took command of the party, and stationed them in the best way I could to defend our post. I did not allow more than one or two muskets to be fired at a time, and kept the wounded man loading for us. Several of the natives ascended the hill to within a few yards and were shot by us in self defence as fast as they approached. After some of them had been killed in this manner the rest kept off. Having but little ammunition left, we were as sparing of it as possible; besides which, we did not wish to irritate the natives more than they already were, by firing, except when driven to it by necessity. From our elevated situation we had a clear view of the landing-place, the boats at anchor waiting our return, the two Bow canoes, and the ship. This we had but little prospect of ever again rejoining, though I had some hopes that Captain Robson would make an effort to rescue us, by arming himself, six Indian soldiers that were on board, two or three Europeans, and the Bow people in the canoes. These hopes soon vanished, when I saw the Bow canoes set sail and steer towards their island without passing alongside the ship."

The miserable remnant stationed on the rock, beheld the cannibals preparing their ovens to bake those they had killed; and this occupation having in some degree abated their fury, Captain Dillon reminded them that eight of their people were prisoners in the ship, and that unless he and his companions were safely conveyed on board, they would certainly be put to death. The high priest's brother being one of the captives, this representation induced him to consent to a man being sent to the ship for their release.

"This man proceeded as directed, and I did not lose sight of him from the time he left us until he got on the ship's deck. A cessation of arms took place in the mean time, which might have continued unbroken, had it not been for the imprudence of Charles Savage, who put a greater temptation in the way of the natives than they could withstand. During this interval several native chiefs ascended the hill and came within a few paces of us, with protestations of friendship, and proffered us security if we would go down among them. To these promises I would not accede, nor allow any of my men to do so, till Charles Savage, who had resided on the island for more than five years, and spoke the native dialect fluently, begged of me to permit him to go down among the natives with the chiefs to whom we were speaking, as he had no doubt their promises would be kept, and that, if I allowed him to go, he would certainly procure a peace, and enable us all to return safe to the ship. Overcome by his importunities, I at last gave my consent, but reminded him that I did not wish him to do so, and that he must leave his musket and ammunition with me. This he did, and proceeded about two hundred yards from the foot of the rock to where Bonasar was seated, surrounded by chiefs, who were happy to receive him, their secret determination being to kill and eat him. They conversed with him, however, for some time, and then called out to me in the native dialect, 'Come down, Peter; we will not hurt you: you see we do not hurt Charley!' I replied that I would not go down until the prisoners landed. During this discussion, the Chinaman, Luis, stole down the opposite side of the hill unknown to me, with his arms, for the purpose of placing himself under the protection of a chief with whom he was intimately acquainted, and to whom he had rendered important services in former wars. The islanders finding they could not prevail on me to place myself in their power, set up a *screetch* that rent the air: at that moment Charles Savage was seized by the legs, and held in that state by six men, with his head placed in a well of fresh water until he was suffocated; whilst at the same instant a powerful savage got behind the Chinaman, and with his huge club knocked the upper part of his skull to pieces. These wretched men were scarcely lifeless, when they were cut up and put into ovens ready prepared for the purpose. We, the three defenders of the hill, were then furiously attacked on all sides by the cannibals, whom our muskets, however, kept in great dread, though the chiefs stimulated their men to ascend and bring us down, promising to confer the greatest honours on the man who should kill me, and frequently inquired of their people if they were afraid of three white men, when they had killed several that day. Thus encouraged, they pressed close on us. Having four muskets between three of us, two always remained loaded; for Wilson being a bad shot, we kept him loading the muskets, while Martin Bushart and I fired them off. Bushart had been a rifleman in his own country, and was an excellent marksman. He shot twenty-seven of the cannibals with twenty-eight discharges, only missing once; I also killed and wounded a few of them in self defence. Finding they could not conquer us without great sacrifice on their part, they kept off and vowed vengeance. * * * * * * * These people sometimes, but not very often, torture their prisoners in the following manner. They skin the soles of the feet and then torment their victims with firebrands, so as to make them jump about in that wretched state. At other times they cut off the prisoner's eyelids and turn his face to the sun, at which he is obliged to look with his bare eyes: this is said to be a dreadful punishment. From the fingers of others they pull off the nails. By all accounts, however, these punishments are very rare, and only inflicted on persons who have given the greatest provocation; such as we had done this day, by shooting so many men in our own defence. Having no more than sixteen or seventeen cartridges left, we determined, as soon as it was dark, to place the muzzles of our muskets to our hearts, with the butts on the ground, and discharge them into our breasts, thus to avoid the danger of falling alive into the hands of these cannibal monsters. At this moment the boat put off from the ship and soon got close to the landing-place, where we counted the eight prisoners landing from her. I could not imagine how the captain could have acted in this strange way, as the only hope presented of our lives being spared was by allowing a part of the prisoners to land, who would, of course, intercede with their friends on shore to save us, that we might in return protect their countrymen when we returned to the ship. But this precaution not having been attended to, all hope seemed now fled, and the only means of relief left consisted in the dreadful determination of destroying our own lives in the mode already mentioned. Shortly after the eight prisoners landed, they were conveyed unarmed up the rock to me, preceded by the priest, who informed me that Captain Robson had released the eight men, and sent a chest of cutlery, ironmongery, &c. on shore for the chiefs, with orders that we were to deliver our muskets to them

and that he would see us safe to the boat. I replied, that as long as I lived I would not part with my musket, which was my own property, as I was certain they would slaughter me and my companions, as they had done Charles Savage and Luis. The priest then turned to Marbo Bushart, and harangued him on the policy of our complying. At this moment the thought entered my head of making the priest a prisoner, and either to destroy him or regain my liberty. I tied Charles Savage's musket with my neck-handkerchief to the belt of my cartridge-box, and presenting my own musket to the priest's head, told him that I would shoot him dead if he attempted to run away, or if any of his countrymen offered to molest me or my companions. I then directed him to proceed before me to the boat, threatening him with instant death in case of noncompliance. The priest proceeded as directed, and as we passed along through the multitude, he exhorted them to sit down, and upon no account to molest Peter or his countrymen, because if they attempted to hurt us he would be shot; and they of course must be aware they would consequently incur the wrath of the gods in the clouds, who would be angry at their disobedience of the divine orders, and cause the sea to rise and swallow up the island, with all its inhabitants. The multitude treated their priest's injunctions with profound respect, and sat down on the grass. The Namberty (which is the term for priest) proceeded as directed, towards the boats, with the muzzles of Martin Bushart's and Wilson's muskets at each of his ears, while the muzzle of mine was placed between his shoulders. Finding that night was approaching, and anxious to prolong life, I had recourse to this dreadful expedient, being aware of the influence and sway which the priests in all barbarous nations have over their votaries. On getting to the boats, Namberty made a sudden stop. I ordered him to proceed. This he refused doing in the most positive manner, declaring that he would go no further, and that I might shoot him if I liked. I threatened to do so, and asked him why he would not go to the water's edge? He replied, 'You want to take me on board alive, and put me to the torture.' There being no time to spare, I told him to stand still, and turned my face to him with my musket presented, threatening to shoot him if he attempted to move until I got into the boat. We then walked backwards to the water-side, and up to our breasts in water, where we joined the boat, and had no sooner got into her than the islanders came down, and saluted us with a shower of arrows, and stones from slings. Being thus once more out of danger, we returned thanks to Divine Providence for our escape, and proceeded towards the ship, which we reached just as the sun was setting."

On the 1st of July, 1827, the Journal says,—

"At day-light stood in for the Bay of Islands, and at 9 A. M. anchored in five and a half fathoms of water in Corarericka Bay. The ship was surrounded, before letting go the anchor, by several canoes containing a number of natives. Being Sunday, we were all attired in our best. I spoke to them in the native language, but they did not recognise me for a long time. At length one of the young ladies called out most lustily, notwithstanding her delicate sex, '*Rangatheera no Patarreekee*,'—it is the Captain of the St. Patricks;' alluding to the ship which I commanded here last year. This recognition was re-echoed in every New Zealand throat, and nothing for some time was audible but the word 'Peter'—the name by which I am known by the South Sea Islanders. A man who appeared to be of some consequence in one of the canoes requested to be admitted on board: but this I refused, alleging as my reason that he had nothing to barter. He replied that he had. I repeated that I could see nothing; but he, pointing to the stern of his canoe, in which sat a pretty female about twelve years old, insisted with a significant glance, that he had something better than a *buccka* (hog). I thanked him for his kind intentions, but replied that the ship was *tabooed* (*i. e.* sacred, or not to be approached,) until another anchor was let go, and the sails handed. Our conversation then assumed a political cast; in the course of which he informed me that he was the nephew of Boo Marray, a great and powerful chief, and the proprietor of this harbour, who, he said, my friends at the river Thames had killed about twelve months ago. He also said that Boo Marray's son had been killed, with about two hundred warriors, and that there was an expedition then fitting out against the Thames tribes, consisting of all the allied chiefs of the north, who were fully determined to exterminate the whole of the Boroos and M'Marraghs. He then inquired where the two young men were that belonged to the Thames country, whom I took from thence in the St. Patrick. Being informed that they were with me, he then said, 'You must deliver them up, that we may kill and eat them directly.' He was clothed in a war mat, with a mantle of dog-skins thrown loosely over his shoulders; his countenance at this moment assumed an aspect of the most savage ferocity, his eyes starting from their sockets with the intenseness of desire to seize on the innocent relatives of a people with whom he happened to be at war. It is hardly necessary to say, I replied to his cannibal request by telling him that the young men were under the protection of the British flag and guns, and should not be molested while on board—that they were *tabooed*. When on shore they might be treated conformably to the laws of New Zealand; but the intimation of his intentions regarding them would make me careful as to where they should land. I ordered up my friends Brian Boroo and Morgan M'Marragh, who went to the side of the vessel and commenced a conversation with their would-be devourer. The chief spoke to them with as much nonchalance as if he had never expressed a wish to pick their ribs or sup on their roasted chine,—a business that, if I might judge from the preparations his canoe exhibited, he seemed to have entertained some idea of prior to his putting off to the ship. He spoke in terms of the highest respect and praise of Brian's father, saying that two of Boo Marray's sons were taken in battle, with other men of consequence belonging to his tribe, and enslaved; that Brian's father shortly afterwards ordered them to be released, and furnished them with a canoe, in which they returned to their native district, and were now two days' march in the interior, but would pay him a visit the moment they heard that he had arrived. The ship being moored, this gentleman was allowed to come on board. Brian Boroo and he took each other by the hand, and gently inclined their heads until their noses touched. Their conversation then turned upon the heroic exploits of Brian's countrymen in the late wars. Several young ladies condescended to come on board, and the decks were shortly crowded with females, some of whom made a very genteel appearance, being dressed in English gowns, shirts, and petticoats; others were in their native costume. Without solicitation they proceeded voluntarily to amuse us with songs, dances, war whoops, and comic performances, in which they succeeded inimitably."

Captain Dillon excuses the custom of keeping the native women on board, by the plea that they are hostages for the safety of the sailors employed on shore. The account of the destruction of the Boyd and its crew is a harrowing tale; but as it has been already told in various ways, we shall prefer a lighter vein—the visit to the ship of a New Zealand priestess.

"This priestess (we are told) presented a noble figure. She appeared to be of a middle age; her complexion brunette, with sparkling black eyes; and her jet-black hair, which was of a considerable length, gently flowed in ringlets over her shoulders, waving gracefully in the air as she walked. She was attired in the state robes of her country, and conveyed to the mind a forcible idea of savage royalty. She had not been long seated before she remarked that the day was rather cold, and demanded if there was any rum on board, and if so, requested that some might be produced and given her. I told her that we had some, and ordered a decanter of brandy to be placed before her. After significantly eyeing it for some time, and not liking the colour, she observed, 'This is not rum; I have never seen such as this before: let me have such rum as the whalers have on board. With this request I immediately complied: she filled a tumbler nearly, and without hesitation quaffed it to the bottom. She then called for a segar, and having smoked a little, soon became very talkative. The person who mostly attracted her notice was an elderly gentleman named Richardson, the surgeon's assistant. She inquired of me who he was. I made answer that he was our doctor and priest. With this information she seemed much pleased, saying that she herself was a priestess and physician; and added, 'Will not my brother salute me according to the custom of New Zealand?' that is, gently to incline the head and touch noses. On the lady's request being communicated to Mr. Richardson, he with much gallantry complied; but, unfortunately, on stooping, his wig fell off, and exhibited a huge bald pate. It is more easy to conceive than express her highness's alarm and terror at this preternatural mode of salutation, for she verily believed that he had taken off his scalp by the aid of magic. She screamed most dreadfully, having for the first time seen a real proof of that skill in the black art, which she pretended that she was possessed of. All her female attendants joined in yelling most piteously on witnessing this phenomenon, and scampered with their mistress as speedily as they could out of the cuddy, screaming out in the native tongue, 'A witch! a wizard! an enchanter!' During the alarm, Mr. Richardson recovered his wig, and placed it on his head as before, to the no small astonishment of some of them who ventured to peep slily at him during the process. After much trouble I succeeded in allaying the fears of her highness and suite, who once more ventured to sit down; not, however, without casting many a terrified glance at our priest and doctor, whom she did not require to salute her a second time. She with much anxiety inquired if it was not by the aid of magic that he had disencumbered himself of his hair, and wished to know if he could with equal facility take off his head, which I did not altogether deny. This intelligence caused her to eye our doctor with a degree of profound reverence, and she requested I would inform her how many evil spirits he had influence over, and if he could also shake the hair and skin from the back part as from the front of his head. I replied, that with regard to the number of spirits over which he had control, it was out of my power to inform her truly; but as regarded his hair, I assured her he could dismember himself from head to foot with the greatest facility. During our conversation, one of the nymphs attending on the priestess, a girl of about fourteen years, slily approached Mr. Richardson, and mistaking a tuft of his natural hair for its moveable substitute, determined, by a good pull, to ascertain if the virtue lay in the hair or in its owner; but the hair holding fast, she was compelled to make a precipitate retreat, lest the magician should metamorphose her into a hog,—those people believing in transmigration. This incident, no doubt, tended to confirm their belief in our priest's power, and caused a hearty laugh at the expense of the female casuist."

At her next visit the priestess was still more alarmed by a good sailor's joke. The draughtsman and officers had prevailed on the surgeon's assistant to "submit the bald part of his head to the draughtman's art, who in a short time metamorphosed it in such a way, that had he been in ancient Greece or Rome during the sway of Pagan superstition, he might have obtained worshippers as the god Janus, who had in pity to men condescended to pay them a visit. His head presented the perfect appearance of an additional phiz, most hideously portrayed on the bald part of the cranium. Vancathia, with her numerous female friends and attendants, being seated in the cuddy, begged as an especial favour that I would send for the magician, and prevail on him to shake off the hair and skin from his head, as he had done yesterday. She stated, as her reason for this request, that those to whom she had mentioned the circumstance would not believe that so wonderful a thing could be done by any man, and that she had brought the most incredulous with her to-day, that they might be eye-witnesses of the miracle. Mr. Richardson with much politeness consented to a repetition of it, and, approaching her highness, made a most graceful bow, and in a moment cast off his artificial hair, when, instead of an inoffensive bald pate, behold a horrible double face met the eyes of the astonished priestess and her companions. Dreadful indeed was the confusion which immediately succeeded this display of even supermagical power. The cuddy was in a moment cleared of the visitants, and the magician left in peaceable possession of the apartment. Infidelity itself was now convinced of his magical powers, and there was not a native unbeliever in the ship."

SPLENDID NAVAL FETE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

[The following is a more detailed account of this fete than that in our paper of last week.]

Extract of a letter from an officer of his Majesty's ship Blonde, dated Constantinople, Nov. 5, 1829.

"Sir Robert Gordon, our Ambassador at Constantinople, gave a splendid ball on board the *Blonde* frigate, previous to her going up to Odessa, at which were present 450 visitors, comprising all the principal Turks, Franks, and Russians, with a number of Turkish and Frank ladies. The whole of the upper deck of the ship was cleared, and the waste planked over. An awning, 30 feet up the masts, was spread fore and aft, and the poop was fitted as a Turkish tent. The ship was brilliantly illuminated, and the refreshments were offered in the utmost profusion. The insignia of the Order of the Garter, and the Cipher of the Sultan, were conspicuously placed in transparency. The quarter deck was carpeted, and surrounded by crimson silk sofas; orchestras were constructed round the mainmast and foremast, between which was the ball-room. The forecastle was fitted as a shrubbery, wherein were placed orange-trees, 15 feet high, to the branches of which appended ripe fruit in great abundance.—The *Rifleman*, sloop of war, at intervals exhibited a magnificent display of fire-works, the vessel at times appearing completely enveloped in flames.

"The company began to arrive at seven o'clock, and in about half an hour after, all were on board, to the number of 425, including ladies. Amongst the distinguished guests were a number of Turkish Noblemen (a thing unprecedented in the annals of history), such as the Seraskier Pacha, second person in the Turkish empire; the Capitan Pacha, High Admiral of the Turkish navy; Cazee L'Asker Hekim Pacha, or Sultan's physician; Reis Effendi, Secretary for Foreign Affairs; Halil Pacha, Ambassador to Russia; Silektar Agasi, sword bearer to the Sultan; Abdulageit Effendi, Chief Surgeon, &c. with a number of naval and military officers. Besides these, there were present the Ambassadors, Ministers, Envoys, &c. of all the nations in Europe; with several of the leading Franks and their ladies, now residing in Constantinople. Several Russian officers were also present, but as Peace has now spread her benignant wing over this portion of the world, the Turks and Russians were most sociably linked arm in arm, walking fore and aft the deck, with as much seeming good will and friendship as if they had never been enemies.

"Sir Robert Gordon, as chief of all, placed the Capitan Pacha on his right, and the Reis Effendi on his left, on the after cushion of the poop. The other Turkish noblemen took seats alongside of the European Ambassadors and Ministers. After going through the eastern ceremony of smoking and drinking coffee, they went forward to the ball-room. Here they seemed to be quite charmed, having never before seen any thing of the kind—like all semi-barbarians, they gazed and wondered and laughed most heartily; however, they ultimately expressed much satisfaction, particularly on witnessing the windings and turnings of the sons and daughters of Terpsichore, who were "tripping it gaily on the light fantastic toe." At the end of each dance, the Turkish officers, in imitation of the Europeans, offered their arms to the ladies, and actually promenaded them round the ball-room, and even placed them on chairs. This is the first instance upon record in which a Mussulman paid such a handsome compliment, or condescended to offer such a mark of respect to any of the daughters of Eve; and this I take as a proof that the 'march of mind' is on its march amongst the followers of Mahomet.

"The supper table was laid out on the main deck; it was something in the shape of the counter of an extensive linen warehouse, or rather like an incomplete parallelogram, the short side being athwart ships before the cabin bulk head, and the two long sides running fore-and-aft, starboard and larboard, as far as the gallery, from which they were separated by a handsome screen. At this table 240 persons (including of course all the ladies) sat down to one of the richest banquets that has ever yet been seen in the harbour of Constantinople. Every thing that could be pleasing to the sight or smell, delectable to the taste, or grateful to the most delicate palate, was here in the most unbounded profusion, with wines of the richest and finest quality, amongst which champagne was as common as beer at an ordinary feast.

"Sir Robert Gordon, and his particular guests, the Turkish Chiefs, the French Ambassador, Austrian Internuncio, &c., were seated at that part of the table which ran parallel to the cabin bulk head. Sir Robert's chair being exactly amidships, just before the cabin, the Reis Effendi and the Capitan Pacha being on his right and left; the other chiefs and principal officers were seated alongside the ladies, according to modern fashion, and the good custom of all civilized nations; nor were they exactly wanting in those common place attentions which the gentleness and delicate habits of the fair sex require. The dishes, covers, and plates, on Sir Robert's part of the table, were of silver; the forks, and the handles of the knives, of solid gold. This was most brilliantly illuminated with wax tapers, and candles in massive silver candlesticks; and, indeed, so were the parts of the table which run along the main-deck. Well, the feast having commenced, the Mussulmans showed that they were not without appetites: and as to wine, they drank it with as much freedom and taste as if they had received a dispensing order from the prophet; none, however, indulged in it to excess. After supper the first division went upon deck, and the second took their places at a table, where abundance still abounded. Dancing resumed its wonted gaiety, and continued till six bells in the middle watch, at which time the Turkish Chiefs took their departure; shortly after the remainder of the party broke up.

"The Turks freely participated in games at cards, but as they could not understand 'whist,' they preferred the chance game of 'blind hookey,' and freely staked their five pounds on the turn-up of a card, and seemed to be indifferent whether they lost or won."

Summary.

Love and Suicide.—A young gentleman, a cousin of mine, a native of one of the northern counties of Ireland, formed an attachment for a young lady, in his father's immediate neighbourhood—it grew with his youth, and was reciprocal between himself and his beloved. The young lady had no fortune but a most prepossessing appearance and amiable disposition,—she, an only child of an aged couple, respectable though poor. The gentleman had but two sons and two daughters, the two latter married. The young gentleman, the subject of this painful narrative, was the eldest. On the father hearing of his son's attachment, he induced me, as I was my own master, to accompany his son to the Indies. To describe his distraction of mind at being forced from the idol of his soul, may be better imagined than described by me. I shall merely say we set sail; on our departure, the father of the young lady was indignant at the apparent indifference of the young man to his daughter. He left the country and took her with him to London: when he introduced her into society she was only to be seen, to be admired, and this was her first time of mixing with the world. A Colonel of rank met her at a ball, fell in love with her, proposed for her to the father, whose remonstrance induced her to accept of so advantageous a proposal.—They were married. The fatal intelligence reached me—and to describe my situation in a strange country—well aware of the effects of this unfortunate event, I did not disclose it to him; but he received himself a letter shortly after, informing him of it. Oh! my God, to describe his appearance on reading it. "Oh! Charles, my darling girl is forever another's," said he, "my first and only love? is she in the arms of another? Oh! my father has ruined me for ever." He spoke frantically of every scene that occurred between them. I remonstrated with him, saying, had she loved him she would not marry another; but he said, why not obey her parents as well as I did? "Oh! my darling girl, this world," said he, "is now a blank to me." It would be impossible for me to advert to all his distracted expressions. "When," said he, "will I see her? Oh, never again!" I cannot write fully: I am now merely on my journey to his father, who is yet unacquainted with it, and I just take this spot to give you an outline. He committed suicide by means of his razor; he cut his throat. I only went out on some business—I got him a corpse on my return; and opening his breast, found a lock of the young lady's hair suspended about his neck in a locket, which, until then, I never saw with him. I got the poor victim to unchanging love interred far from his native home. Ah, his father would now give worlds, I dare say, had he him again.—*Correspondent of the Dublin Freeman's Journal.*

The Colosseum.—At this gloomy season, when the fashionable, the semi-fashionable, and the un-fashionable, people of London, are deprived of any afternoon or daylight amusements, it is fortunate that the Colosseum presents both an inducement to exercise, and a very satisfactory pastime. The visitors in this last week have been numerous, and, particularly of the upper classes. The Panorama aims at identity, rather than at effect, and consequently brilliant sunshine is not so necessary to it as to ordinary exhibitions of this class. We were surprised at its perfect appearance, as we had not before seen it at this period of the year. The transition from the rain and gloomy fogs to warm and long avenues of verdant exotics, renders the conservatories so attractive, that greater care might be applied to them. There has recently been one decided and highly-valuable improvement of the exhibition. We allude to the rocky mountainous scenery, with the projecting crags before the Swiss Cottage. There is one cavern where the appearance of a gloomy recess is produced, with a truth to nature and a power of effect, which display great ingenuity and contrivance in the artist. We do not know whether the stairs, salon and passages are heated by steam, air, or water, but the warmth is sufficently strong, and is free from dust or impurities; which can seldom be said of places warmed otherwise than by open fires. We regret that the Swiss scenery, with the cascade, is not at once finished; for it is at this season the best point of the exhibition.

As the following facts, relative to the prospective arrangements of the Russian succession, are not generally known, we reprint them:—"In case the Emperor Nicholas should die before his son has attained his majority, the Czarowitz Michael is already nominated Regent. All the persons holding office under the Russian Government have already taken the oath of allegiance to him in this capacity. This arrangement is of so much importance to the repose of Russia, that we presume it has been communicated to the different Courts of Europe, especially to that of Prussia, which, in opposition to it, would not be likely to support any attempt, should one be made by the Empress, which is not at all likely, to reign in the name of her son. The apprehension expressed that Constantine might resume his claim is answered by the fact, that Constantine's former resignation was completely voluntary, after all the servants of the Government had taken the oath of allegiance to him. We do not deny the influence of the late Empress Dowager; but motives more powerful than she could urge, brought Constantine to a decision. It is not possible to answer for what ambition may dictate; but Constantine's claims involve so many difficulties—and among others a change in the seat of Government—that we believe he never will urge them, and that no motive could induce him to accept the throne of Russia."

A Liverpool paper states that a new steam fire-engine has been invented in that city, which, on an alarm being given, will be drawn forth by horses; and a light being first applied to the fuel, which will be always ready in the engine, the wheels as they revolve along will work the bellows and get up the steam, probably before it reaches the

place of the fire, where it will perform as much work, in forcing water, as could be performed by about 250 men! Such an engine, with a sufficient supply of water, must speedily extinguish any conflagration that can take place.

The Emperor of Russia is about to put into execution his project of a splendid monument to the memory of the late Emperor Alexander. It is to be a Doric pillar, resembling Trajan's pillar at Rome. The shaft of the column, of one block of red granite, is to be eighty-four feet high; and the whole monument, including the pedestal and the cross on the pillar, one hundred and fifty-four feet high; so that it will surpass any similar monument, ancient or modern. The pedestal is to be covered with bronze, adorned with ancient Russian arms and Greek and Russian trophies made out of the cannon taken from the enemy. The pedestal will bear the simple inscription—"To Alexander I. by grateful Russia." The work is begun, and may be finished in two years.

A True though Romantic Tale.—A young Lothario a few years since fled to the West Indies, and from thence to New York, in the United States of North America, at which latter city, landing a pennyless refuge, he was compelled to seek employment in hoeing turnips, whereby to pay his passage, and redeem his luggage: he then wandered into the state of Virginia, where, though a hapless alien, the family of the high sheriff kindly received him, and soon admitted him to matrimony with an interesting daughter. On receiving a marriage portion the happy pair sailed for England, and were received with all due honour by the bridegroom's family in Huntingdonshire, with whom they continued to live until misfortune drove them to lodgings in London, where hereditary insanity separated them; he being forcibly taken against her will to an asylum, and she left with a pittance of 10s. per week from his family, to which she, in deep distress and destitution, recently came one evening, but was refused admittance, the domestic mansion being closed against her. Yet would she not quit it, until a very late hour, (when she was forced away by the constable,) being determined rather to perish on the cold stones of the door, not colder than the living stones within! A public-house humanely received her for the remainder of the night, and the next day she was lodged with the family of a poor cotter. Thus circumstanced, she applied to Ex-Sheriff Thompson, who generously pitied and relieved her with whatever his hospitable mansion could afford, and at length caused her hard case to be brought before the bench of magistrates at St. Ives, where the Rev. R. Tillard, and the Ex-sheriff Fryer have nobly considered her miserable necessities, and afforded her all needful protection, as well as a free passage to her respectable family and friends in America: all of which boons, however, she refused with a high minded, Virginian disdain, being firmly resolved on never forsaking the destinies of, nor returning without her much loved, though unfortunate husband!—The parish officers of Somersham, who attended with this unhappy stranger in a strange land, were then ordered to receive her under their protection. She has since suddenly disappeared, and it is supposed has gone to visit her partner in Bedford asylum.—*Stamford News.*

Rail-way Experiments.—For several days past the Novelty steam carriage of Messrs. Braithwaite and Ericson has been exercising on the level part of the rail-way, at Rain Hill. The ingenious inventors confined their attempts, in the first instance, to trying the steam at various degrees of pressure, and at various rates of speed, without a load; but on Monday a succession of experiments were made during the whole day with loaded wagons, alternate use being made of those on Mr. Stephenson's and those on Mr. Winnan's principle. The loads were gradually augmented and the velocities varied, and we learn, with a satisfaction which will be shared by those who have taken an interest in the success of the Novelty, that the final result was that this engine drew a gross weight of 35 tons, being nearly ten times her own weight, at the rate of 12½ miles per hour. In the course of the experiments, it was ascertained, that the actual friction on a large working scale was 9lbs. in the ton, including the resistance arising from the irregularities of the road, which, having been hastily prepared to the original trials, is now rather out of order, the rails being, in fact, a series of short inclined planes. We understand Messrs. Braithwaite and Ericson give a decided preference for the wagons constructed on Mr. Winnan's principle, as reducing the friction to a minimum, and being also peculiarly adapted for safety in the conveyance of passengers. We are fully persuaded, that as soon as the Novelty has a space of five or six miles to proceed upon, so that the full momentum may be acquired and kept up, that the velocity will be greatly augmented and that the load may be considerably increased, as, from the peculiar mode of generating the steam of the Novelty, the engine labours under great disadvantages, in having to stop and turn so frequently as the present limited space yet laid on the rail-way now requires.

In consequence of a *fracas*, in the Court of Chancery, between the Solicitor-General and Sir Charles Wetherell, which the Lord Chancellor feared would terminate in a duel, both gentlemen have been apprehended, and obliged to find sureties to keep the peace.

War Office, Dec. 24.—Rl. Regt. of Horse Gds.: 2d Lt. Hon. W. F. Cowper from the Ceylon Regt. to be Cor. by pur. v. R. S. Gascoigne, who ret.—6th Drags.: Sergt. F. M'Dowell to be Q.-master v. Dickso, dec.—7th Light Drags.: Lt. C. Tower to be Capt. by pur. v. Sir S. H. Stuart, who ret.; Cor. P. T. H. Wykeham to be Lt. by pur. v. Tower; Sergt.-Maj. T. Paterson to be Adj. with the rank of Cor. v. Wykeham.—10th Do.: Lt. W. O. Ward, from 12th F. to be Lt. v. Vandeleur, who exch.—18th Foot: Ens. J. G. Wilson to be Lt. without pur. v. W. M. Mackenzie, dec.; F. A. Wetherall, Gent. to be Ens. v. Wilson.—12th Do: Lt. G. Vandeleur from 10th Light Drags. to be Lt. v. Ward, who exc.—24th Do: Ass. Surg. P. Fitzpatrick, from h. p. 51st F. to be Asst. Surg. v. O'Toole, ret. on h. p.—25th Do: Lt. W. Dean, from Ret. List of 1st R. Vet. Batt. to be Paym. v. M. Macleod, who reverts to his former h. p.—Ceylon Regt.: W. Dickson, Gent. to be 2d Lt. by pur. v. Cowper, app to Rl. Horse Gds. *Memorandum.*—The half pay of the undermentioned has been cancelled from the 25th instant, on their receiving a commuted allowance: Ens. Hon. G. F. R. Harris, unatt.; Lt. T. J. Neill, unatt.; Ens. O. W. Grey, 7th Garr. Batt.; Lt. Jos. Atkinson, 95th F.; Lt. H. R. Lewin, 70th F.; Lt. H. Bouthillier, Canadian Voltigeurs; Ens. T. Lewen, 20th F.; Cor. P. N. de Carteret, 12th Light Drags.; Ens. N. Reid, 3d F.; Ens. H. Dely, 87th F.; Lt. B. C. Urquhart, 71st F.; Ens. E. Nool, unatt.; Lt. W. H. Bourne, 21st F.; Ens. C. T. Williams, 92 F.

Shipwreck.—On Thursday morning last a large ship, having signals of distress flying, and being apparently unmanageable, was observed drifting into the Bay of Dundrum; she struck on the sands between Newcastle and Tyrella—the crew were happily saved. She proved to be the *Sir James Kempt*, Lundy, Master, bound for Liverpool, with a cargo of timber, from St. John's, New Brunswick. It appears, that having sprung a leak some time previously, she became waterlogged on the 29th of October, and that the crew, consisting of thirteen persons and a female passenger, with an infant three months old, were driven to the tops, where they had remained for five days continually drenched by the sea, and without any sustenance save a few raw potatoes. A few hours more, and the sufferings of many of them would probably have been terminated. They were brought to shore in a state of extreme exhaustion, and immediately conveyed to Tyrella House, where they have been since restored through the humane exertions of Mrs. Hamilton. The Preventive Coast Guard of the Tyrella and Newcastle stations, under the command of Captain Morris, R.N., and Lieut. Harding, R.N., were in active attendance, and having launched their boats through a heavy surf, succeeded in reaching the ship shortly after she struck. The Rossglass life boat also, with commendable activity, soon afterwards arrived there. Some fishermen of Newcastle, on discovering the signals of distress, immediately pushed off for the ship; unfortunately those gallant fellows lost their boat in their exertions, but we trust they will not be uncompensated or unrewarded. It is but justice to two individuals, namely—Phillips, chief boatman, and Casey, of the Tyrella Coast Guard, to notice their promptitude and activity on the occasion; the intrepidity and humanity evinced by Casey in particular, merit no ordinary commendation.—*Dublin Evening Mail, Dec. 12th.*

Duel.—The following is a more detailed account of the duel which took place on Thursday last, in the field near the Kelso Race Course, between Captain Stewart and Ensign Pringle, both of the 92d Regiment, the former attended by Captain Noel, of the same regiment, and the latter by George Baillie, jun. Esq. Both parties fired at the same time; and Mr. Pringle received his adversary's ball in the upper part of the right thigh. He was immediately conveyed to the Stand House, where he still lies; and as the ball has not yet been extracted, his medical attendants cannot pronounce him free from danger. The affair having come to the knowledge of the local authorities, Capt. Stewart and his second were taken into custody, and, after a judicial investigation, were committed to the Castle of Jedburgh, where, we suppose, they will be detained until Mr. Pringle is pronounced out of danger. Mr. Baillie, against whom a warrant was also issued, has hitherto evaded the search made for him. Various reports are, of course, in circulation as to the causes of this affair; but, in the present situation of the parties, it would be highly improper to notice these rumours, or to indulge in any vague conjectures on the subject—*Kelso Mail of Yesterday.*—We have to add, that Mr. Pringle is the eldest son of Sir J. Pringle, of Stitchel, Baronet; and that it is reported that Captain Stewart travelled all the way from the south of Ireland, where the 92d Regiment is at present quartered, to demand a meeting. It was erroneously stated, in the Edinburgh Papers of Saturday and yesterday, that Capt. Noel was a principal party in the affair. Mr. Pringle is, we believe, a very young man, and is the junior ensign but one in the 92d Regiment. The duel has naturally excited a prodigious sensation on the Border, where the wounded gentleman is extensively connected; and even in this City it has been a current subject of discussion since Friday morning.—*Edinburgh Observer of Tuesday, Dec. 16.*

THE ARMY.

GEORGE R.—Whereas we have judged it expedient to revise, amend, and consolidate the rules, orders, and regulations, which, in furtherance of various Acts of Parliament, have from time to time been established for the better ordering of our Army, and for improving the condition of soldiers by granting them pensions, allowances, and relief, on their discharge after certain periods of service, as wounded, disabled, or invalided, in our service.

Our will and pleasure therefore is, that the several warrants bearing the respective dates specified below, and that all rules, orders, and regulations consequent thereupon, shall (subject to the reservation herein contained) be void; and that in lieu thereof the rules, orders, and regulations, annexed to this Our warrant, shall henceforth be in force. 7th Oct. 1806; 30th June, 1812; 28th Feb. 1814; 25th March, 1816; 19th Dec. 1816; 16th Feb. 1818; 26th March, 1822; 28th July, 1823; 19th Aug. 1823; 4th Nov. 1826.

It is our further will and pleasue to reserve and continue to all non-commissioned officers and soldiers enlisted before the 1st day of December, 1829, every benefit to which they may respectively be entitled under the warrants and regulations hereby made void.

And we do hereby direct and order that the Commissioners of our Royal Hospital at Chelsea, as well as all other persons whom it may in any wise concern, shall strictly observe and obey this our warrant and the regulations annexed to it. Given at our Court at Windsor, this fourteenth day of November, 1829, in the 10th year of our reign.

By his Majesty's command, HENRY HARDINGE, Sec. at War.

THE EXCLUSIVES.

From Colburn's Court Journal.

The Exclusives. 3 vols. post 8vo. London. Colburn & Bentley.

"The Exclusives" will excite more attention than any work of a similar class has done since "Tremaine." It will do this for several reasons; partly from its name—still more from the curiosity which has been raised respecting the alleged eminent station of its writer—but most of all from its intrinsic qualities and characteristics. A hurried glance at these latter and only legitimate sources of public attention in a literary point of view, is all that we can give this week. We may find more than one occasion and cause for recurring to the volumes hereafter. "The Exclusives" is emphatically, and "exclusively," a picture of fashionable life in the present day: we will add, in unqualified and unhesitating terms, that it is, generally speaking, at once the truest, the fairest, the most intelligible, and the most comprehensive picture of that life, which has yet been presented to the world. The inference to be drawn from the foregoing is, that the writer of "The Exclusives," whoever he or she may be, is not at present living in the society here so ably and vividly depicted: whether occupying that one station which alone is *above* it, or whether excluded from it by any other causes, is what we do not pretend to have the means of positively deciding, and therefore shall not dwell on further.

The following are extracts:—

"The husband of an Exclusive must be exclusively given to his own devices, without ever making his wife a party at all concerned in them; unless, indeed, they arrive at that *acme* of exclusive perfection when they boast to each other of the degrading license of their lives, and tell of their different favourites, comparing the relative merits of these with that of others of the same society. Into the mysteries of an exclusive *coterie* no unmarried woman, that is to say, no girls, are to be admitted—in order that the conversation may be unchecked. The more admirers a married woman has, the higher her reputation amongst them; and it is never quite complete till some one *adorateur* moving in the same circle is the *ami prefere*. If the cavalier be a man of title, power, and wealth, then the lady has *the world*—*their* world—at her feet. This arrangement ensures the latter (whatever her husband's fortune may be) the advantages of dress and equipage, from which expense *he* is then exonerated; and while he has the credit of keeping up a tasteful establishment, he is exempted from all trouble or thought as to the means by which it is so kept. But as in all communities there are different degrees of distinction, so in this,—those who commence their career have a certain Rubicon to pass through before they arrive at such a height of perfection.

"The first requisite for a newly-initiated member to know is, how to cut all friends and relations who are not deemed worthy of being of a certain *coterie*;—the next is, to dress after a particular fashion, talk a particular species of language, not know anything or any person that does not carry the mark of the coterie, and speak in a peculiar tone of voice. To hold any conversation which deserves that name is called being prosy;—to understand anything beyond the costume of life, pedantic.

"Whatever vice or demoralization may exist in character, providing it exist with what they call good taste (that idol of their idolatry), is varnished over. If not approved openly, it is tacitly assented to, and allowed to pass as a venial error; whereas whatever takes place contrary to this *good taste*, though in itself perfectly innocent, tending it may be to virtue rather than vice, is insufferable—not to be named *among them;* and unfits the offending parties from communication with the Exclusives. Indignation expressed at crime is voted vulgar: any natural expression of the feelings, ill-breeding; and right and wrong, in short, consists in being, or not being, *one of the set.* To their choice meetings children dare not invite parents, or brothers and sisters one another, except under their seal and sign-manual. The husbands and wives, who are members of the association, are invariably persons who have separate interests, separate views, and agree only in this one point, namely, in being a cloak for each other's follies or vices.

"An open defiance of received laws and customs, a course career of vicious pleasure, a bold avowal of any illegitimate pursuit, would startle and astound many a wavering mind; but the slow sapping mischief of this love of exclusiveness, the airy indifference with which all the safeguards of conduct are broken down, the cruel heartlessness which lies concealed under apparently indifferent actions, the artful wenning of the mind from all fixed principle of conduct, these are the means they use; and which, step by step, adulterate the character, indurate the heart, pollute the judgment, and are subversive of every thing that is dignified or amiable in human nature. It is precisely because the evil works so insidiously, and under such a variety of masks (under none more than a placid *insouciance*), a fortuitous concurrence of accidents—that the veil should be drawn aside, and that it should be set forth in its native deformity and danger."

Having thus shown our uninitiated readers what it is necessary to *do* in order to be an "Exclusive," we shall now let them see what it is necessary to *be;* and this will be best effected by laying before them sketches of the chief Exclusives who are here recognized as forming the coterie of Lady Tilney—*The* Exclusive *par excellence*—the avowed and acknowledged Leader of Fashion and Queen of Ton. * * *

After a minute description of Lady Tilney's boudoir, the adventurous author proceeds as follows:—

"It will be remembered that Lady Tilney had already fixed on the evening of Lady Borrowdale's assembly as a fitting occasion for the display of her own undivided rule in the empire of fashion. Her cards had been issued for that purpose, and these were now followed by injunctions through various channels, requiring an early attendance—since the two syrens of the day, Pasta and Sontag, it was whispered, were engaged to give additional effect to the opening charms of exclusiveness, and rendered the blow struck at the existing state of society at once decisive. * * *

"To a casual observer, Lady Tilney's assembly presented no distinguishing external marks at variance with received habits or customs. The rooms were not darkened, the servants passed through the apartments at intervals in the performance of their respective duties without constraint: the company, however, was less numerous, and more scattered and divided into detached parties. The conversation, with the exception of Lady Tilney herself, was carried on in a low tone, scarcely audible but to the individual addressed; the different members of the *coterie*, when they moved about seemed to do so under certain measured and stated paces.

"It was not, however, the step and air of real dignity of fashion, but rather the mincing *minauderie* of *des petites maitresses*. Whatever was done or spoken (when for a moment some general observation was hazarded), appeared as if performed by rule, and under apprehension of drawing down ridicule, which at once went to destroy all natural grace of speech or demeanour. This sentiment attached more particularly to the younger and newer noviciates, who felt that an unguarded expression, or a movement at variance with the prescribed forms of the circle, would render them the objects of the malicious remarks and sneers of the more experienced—an uneasy restraint therefore was often the consequence; and had it not been, that to form part of so chosen a society, and under Lady Tilney's roof, was in itself an indescribable satisfaction—some who were there might have been suspected of suffering considerable *ennui*, and of being ready to admit, by the suppressed and ill-concealed yawn, that, although the honour of exclusiveness was great, the pleasure was certainly small.

"Not so, however, with the more initiated—these appeared by habit to take a part at once most to their tastes; to select the companion most agreeable to them; to remain under the eye of observation, or retire from it, as they chose, with indifference;—*for* it was not only in *what* was done or said, but in the *manner*, also, that the distinguishing characteristics of this *coterie* were to be detected. All things were lawful—but then under outward forms (not however of propriety always, or of morality), but of convention; and whoever attained fulfilment of these, had the privilege, the *indulgentia plenaria*, as proposed by Lord Rainham, to sin with impunity.

"When it is said therefore, that an assembly composed as the present differed not in its appearance from others passing under the same generic name, it was premised to be only under the impression of a first view;—a more intimate acquaintance with many of its laws and practices, so opposed to received customs in the world, could not in the end fail to astonish! And first the observer (the moral observer is meant) would have been struck by the discovery, that the young and beautiful in this magic circle were all married women, and that the person who individually (for the number was rarely more than singular) paid his assiduous court, leant over the chair, and whispered into the ear of the fair whom he selected or was selected by, was no aspirant to her hand in marriage, no relative—neither was her husband—but a member of the privileged society, which was alone sufficient.

"His astonishment would have been yet stronger on discovering that for a season, till mutual convenience, or disagreement dissolved their familiar acquaintance, each party, similarly paired, invariably met, conversed, and retired at the same time, when the circle broke up, or when they quitted it, apparently on the same footing of intimacy which the most holy ties could have sanctioned; while those whom such a tie actually bound to them were themselves pursuing a similar career.

"Had the conversation which for the most part occupied this portion of the *societe choisie* been reported, or reached the ear, it is possible a considerate mind might have thought, notwithstanding the singularity of a system which excluded the unmarried from scenes of amusement, that it was well they formed no portion of it; but still in an escape from its early influence, enjoyed the opportunity of attaining to a degree of moral principle, and feminine decorum, which must otherwise have been swept away in the general license.

"This, however, can unfortunately be said only of the one set—the unmarried in the other, provided their attainments were of the kind to authorize admission, were not on the excluded list; and the young, well-principled, and ingenuous perhaps at their outset, might, in the examples constantly before them, have found incentive to conduct which at a future day they would discover to have been the great bane and poison of their existence."

[This, Colburn's Journal has the audacity to call a true picture of fashionable life at the present day!]

BURNS' ANNIVERSARY.

[COMMUNICATED.]—On Monday evening the 25th inst. the Jersey Burnsonian Club met in the house of Mr. Cunningham, at Harnham, and held their fourth annual celebration in commemoration of the birth of Robert Burns, the Scotch bard. The company was numerous and respectable, and the spirited manner in which this meeting was got off gave ample proof of the increasing interest with which the return of this festival is hailed. There was here none of those cynical and censorious beings who (as Dr. Franklin remarks) "Can only look at the crooked leg," and are ever a bar in the way of mirthful hilarity; on the contrary, all were animated with the true spirit which should ever characterise such meetings and every one seemed bent upon contributing what he could to the amusement of the company. The chair, on this occasion, was filled by James W. Mitchell, and supported by Robert B. Wilson as Vice President. The chairman proposed the leading toast of the evening by an appropriate and spirited address, in which he took a general view of the literary and moral character of Burns, to which it would be impossible to do justice but by a full report. The following were the regular toasts given.:—

The Memory of Robert Burns—Scotia's peerless and immortal minstrel—

Time shall never still his song,
Nor of radiant wreath deprive him,
For nature was his nurse alone:
And nature only can survive him.

[Original song—"Souls who love the lordee's song."]

Scotland, the seat of learning, and the land of song—may Intelligence, Virtue, Liberty, and Independence, ever be the motto and the pride of her sons. [Song—"Groves of sweet myrtle."]

The United States of America—the Elysium of the world, the exiles refuge, and the freeman's home.—May all who bask under the sunshine of her civil and religious privileges, cherish them while they live, and transmit them unimpaired to posterity.

[Song—"The Star Spangled Banner."]

Domestic industry and domestic happiness—May those who assiduously pursue the former, never fail of attaining the latter.

[Song.—"Bessy and her Spinning Wheel."]

The memory of Wallace and Bruce—Honoured for their patriotism—esteemed and venerated for their manly virtues—their names are their nation's boast—their fame is their country's glory.

[Song—"Bruce's Address."]

The memory of Ramsey, Ferguson, and Tannahill.—Gems whose brilliancy will ever adorn the coronet of Scottish poesy.

[Song—"The Bard's Legacy."]

The living and highly exalted bards of Caledonia, Scott, Campbell, Hogg, Cunningham, and Montgomery—Despising venality, aiming at public good, and expanding the sphere of intellectual enjoyment—may they long live the honoured ornaments of their country, enjoying the pleasures of a virtuous and enobling fame.

[Song—"Ye Cantie Bards." &c.]

Education—the generator of pure morality, the best bulwark of a free government, and the surest guide to individual respectability—may wisdom continue to multiply the means of its extension.

[Recitation.]

The friends, and boon companions of our early years—the cordial greeting, and right hand of fellowship to all who remain—the warm tear of affection to the memory of the departed.

[Song—"Should auld acquaintance be forgot."]

The memory of James, Earl of Glencairn.—The early friend and most magnanimous patron of the bard of Coria.

[Recitation—Burns' "Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn."]

The Fair—created to charm, their love and their smile can beguile our every care, can convert a wilderness into a home, our homes into a heaven. [Glee—"Here's a health to all good lasses."]

Scottish Emigrants.—May they ay keep a steady e'e on the straight road o' rectitude, and, like the guid, auld, patriarch Job, wisely "eschew a' that is evil,"—and as they hae guid cause to be prood o' their kintra, may they, in return, gie their kintra muckle cause to be prood o' them. Song—"A man's a man for a' that."

VOLUNTEERS.

By the President.—Poetry and Music—May their hallowed and harmonising influence drive discord from the earth, and bring peace and pleasure to every bosom.

By the Vice-President.—Our patriot Sires, and our patriot Bard.—In gratitude we venerate their worth—in wisdom let us imitate their virtues.

By J. Craig.—The memory of the Patriots of the Revolution, who so nobly stood in defence of their country and the rights of man, and on the pillars of National Independence laid the foundation of a great Republic.

By J. Lambe.—Enlightened, Unfettered Education—the mental liberator—the safe-guard of freedom.—Our minds like the air we breathe, purest when freest.

By F. R. Hulbert.—Domestic love.—May its lustre every shine undimmed on our pathway of life.

By A. Leshman.—The Governor of the state of New Jersey.—The warm friend of public schools and of internal improvements.

By. P. Arbuckle.—The memory of Thos. Jefferson, the immortal author of the Declaration of Independence.—May his noble achievments ever stand a monument of his country's glory.

By Thos. Alexander.—The admirers of our favourite bard, who are now met under the auspices fo the "Blue Bonnet." in Frankfort street, New York:—

"Wi' quaffing and laughing,
Loud may they rant and sing;
Wi' jumping and thumping
Gar a' the rebars ring."

By C. Martin.—Scotsmen.—May honesty and industry ever be their ruling principle—honour and respect their reward.

By T. Booth.—May the whole universe be incorporated into one city, and every inhabitant be incorporated with the freedom thereof.

By J. Cochran.—May care and trouble never fash, but mirth and joy be wi' you a'.

By A Kennedy, (of New York).—The Jersy Burnsonian Club—The spirit and harmony which has ever characterised its festivals, reflects honour upon its members and proves them to be worthy of the name they have adopted.

A number of other toasts, local, literary, national, and sentimental, were given, accompanied with appropriate minstrelsy. Several original songs were also sung all of which possessed considerable merit and were well received; in short, there was nothing wanting that could add to the general and joyous spirit of harmony that prevailed. Thanks were respectfully tendered to the presiding officers for their attention to their respective duties, and the company separated at a late hour highly gratified with the evening's entertainment.

[The song by M'Donald Clarke, although very good, our limits compel us to omit.]

Died, at his residence at Elizabeth town, New Jersey, in the 77th year of his age, Col. Wm. Armstrong, of the British Army.

Half a dollar will be given at this office for No. 19, Vol. 6, of the Albion.

Exchange at New York on London 60 days 8 1-2 a 8 3-4 per cent.

THE ALBION.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1830.

The *Hannibal*, from London, and the *Henry Fourth*, from Havre, arrived yesterday, bringing London dates to the 2d January, and French dates to the end of December. We have extracted from these papers such items of intelligence as appear to possess interest.

The prosecutions for libels form the chief topic of discussion in London; four having been filed against the *Morning Herald* and *Atlas*, for attacks on the King, the Duke of Wellington, and the Lord Chancellor. A part of the proceedings will be found below. Impolitic as all prosecutions for libel are, it really seemed to be asking too much of human nature to endure the infamous and outrageous calumnies of those papers now opposed to the Government. The offenders have in every action been found guilty, and the punishment will be, no doubt, exemplary.

The report in favour of the Prince Leopold becoming the new sovereign of Greece, gains ground. But we know not how to attach any credit to the statement, since the Protocol of the 22d of March last, which settled the destinies of that country by declaring it independent, expressly stipulates, that the individual who may be called to the throne shall not be connected with either of the three high contracting parties. If the jealousies of the different powers could be got over, the wealth of this prince would render him a very eligible person to preside over a ruined and impoverished people. Funds have risen to 96.

Further Indictments against the Press.—The Court of King's Bench on Thursday was again occupied with cases in which the Attorney-General appeared as prosecutor against the Press. At the opening of the Court, it proceeded to the trial of Messrs. Alexander, Marsden, and Isaacson, the editor and new proprietors of the *Morning Journal*, for a libel on the 30th July last. The libel complained of was upon the Duke of Wellington, contained in a letter to his Grace, signed "John Litton Crosbie, A. M., Minister of Sydenham, Kent, and Domestic Chaplain to the Duke of Cumberland;" but whether (said the Attorney General) such a person existed, he knew not, and it was of no importance; but the defendants had published it, and it was not only full of abuse, but it charged the Duke of Wellington with aiming at the sovereign power and wishing to secure it in his own family. The Jury would judge whether such atrocious libels were to be issued with impunity. It was in the form of a letter to "*His Highness* the Duke of Wellington." Lord Tenterden told the Jury that "there was no ground for the charge that the Attorney-General wished to put down the press; he had only done his duty in endeavouring to prevent licentiousness, and to punish calumny. The present publication was not fair and free discussion, but slander and calumny:" The Jury did not look at the alleged libel, but immediately returned a verdict of Guilty against all the defendants.

Several accounts of the arrest of the Solicitor-General and Sir C. Wetherell have been given in the papers; but it has not been stated that any actual challenge was given by either of the parties. We understand that the Solicitor-General did send a challenge to Sir Charles Wetherell, which was accepted, and two Gentlemen were requested to settle the necessary preliminaries; but, as the Magistrates interposed, and prevented the chance of a new Solicitor-General being appointed, or the loss of one of the leaders of the Tories in the House of Commons, the whole affair was referred to two Gentlemen at the Bar, who decided that an apology was due from Sir Charles to the Solicitor-General. The decision of those Gentlemen was immediately acted upon by the former, and the affair terminated amicably. —*Court Journal.*——*Mr. Ouvrard*, the celebrated contractor, who was arrested five years ago at the suit of M. Seguin for debt, was liberated from prison on Thursday, the legal term for which the French debtors can be detained.——A violent storm, accompanied by an earthquake, caused much damage in the vicinity of Bucharest on the 23d ult. Many persons lost their lives by the falling of houses. 1,300 houses were injured and destroyed.——The *Augsburgh Gazette* gives the following extract of a letter from Berlin:—"The admirers of Mademoiselle Sontag entertain the hope of soon seeing that celebrated *cantatrice* in the Prussian capital again. Her marriage with the Count de Rossi is no longer a secret. Mademoiselle Sontag will come with her husband. A suite of apartments have already been taken for them in one of the most splendid parts of the capital.——

Lieut. Clarke, late of the Sussex Coast Guard Blockade, who has saved many lives, and also the property of numerous vessels wrecked on that dangerous coast, from destruction, has received a massive gold medal, presented to him by the King of the Netherlands, a costly dress sword, a pair of superb pistols inlaid with gold, a splendid silver vase from the Underwriters at Lloyd's, and a handsome gold medal from the National Institution,—bearing testimony to the services rendered this and other countries by this fearless sailor.—*Kentish Gazette.*——We can confidently state that the Hon. Thomas Barnwall, a Catholic, will be the High Sheriff of the County of Dublin for the ensuing year.—*Dublin M. Register.*——*Vienna, Dec.* 18.—An English courier from London has passed through this city, on his way to Constantinople; he is the bearer to Mr. Gordon of the definitive act of the conferences of London, which declares definitively the absolute independence of Greece. It is said that a short delay will be assigned to the Porte, within which it will have to choose between the Protocol of March 22d, the acceptance of which was stipulated by the Treaty of Adrianople, and the new arrangement of the conferances of London."

By the Henry Fourth.

The latest English dates we find in the Gazette de France of Dec. 31. The 25th being Christmas, nothing was done in the funds. There were some transactions in Consols on the 26th at 95 1-8. The English papers of those two days contained only continental intelligence. ——M. Roux de Rochette, the newly appointed Minister to the United States, had a private audience with the King on the 29th of Dec.—— Col. Fabvier has arrived in Paris, from Greece.——The negotiations for obtaining the free navigation of the Rhine, are proceeding favourably.——Russia is augmenting her navy rapidly. On the 5th of December, the keels of two 74's and a frigate of 44 guns, were laid at the new Admiralty at St. Petersburgh, and Okhta.——Count de Vimar, Peer of France, died lately, at the age of 86.——The proposals for taking the new loan of 80,000,000, fixed for the 12th of Jan., are favourable.——It has been intensely cold in France. On Monday the the 28th of Dec., a sentinel, who was supposed to have fallen asleep on his post, was found frozen to death.——The King and Queen of Naples entered Madrid on the 11th ult.——A letter from Smyrna, Dec. 19, says the insurrection in some of the towns adjacent, has been quelled by the cutting off of a few heads.——Don Miguel has sent a ship-load of his disaffected subjects into exile in Africa; and has since imprisoned a great number more, at the moment when they were embarking for voluntary exile to the island of Terceira.—— The cold has been very severe in England. On the 23d of December, waggons loaded with ice, were entering London from all directions.——The weather was extremely severe in Vienna, after the beginning of December. In Hungary it was still more cold; the Danube was covered with masses of floating ice, and in some places it began to be frozen over. At Presburgh the thermometer had marked 12 degrees Reaumur.

The inhabitants of Kingston, Upper Canada, have, at a public meeting, passed a series of resolutions in opposition to the opening of the West India trade, similar to those adopted by the Montreal Chamber of Commerce. In the House of Assembly of the same Province, also, a committee has reported for adoption by the House, resolutions of the same tendency. Indeed, from all parts of the British North American dominions the spirit of remonstrance and resistance is accumulating and rolling on with an augmented impulse. The activity of the press, both in the colonies and at home, is unabated; and some of them proceed to almost unwarrantable lengths. The London Morning Herald asserts, that his Majesty's Minister at Washington approves of the proposal submitted to the British Government by the American Cabinet. The Morning Herald is not justified in making this assertion, for it could not certainly be in possession of the confidential opinions communicated by the British Minister to his Government. In fact, in the absence of official documents, we have nothing but supposition to lead us to the conclusion that he has made any communication on the subject at all. It is notorious that Mr. M'Lane was charged with this subject as a matter of special negotiation to be opened and conducted in London in direct communication with his Majesty's Government. The Morning Herald, then, can have no sort of authority for throwing responsibility on Mr. Vaughan.

The last London papers contain several extracts from the "Exclusives," the new novel published by Colburn, the bookseller. This work, which we mentioned a short time ago in a manner calculated to excite curiosity, proves to be a production not at all worthy of the encomiums bestowed upon it. It purports to be a picture of English high life, which the writer has certainly never seen, and most assuredly never will. Individuals of the highest rank are described by a writer who has never seen them, and the pretended portraits are, as may be expected, gross and indecent caricatures. In fact, if the individuals were named, it would insure the libeller an exhibition in the pillory. The society of the "Exclusives," who it is pretended are some of the first people in the realm, is represented to be but little better than that of a brothel. Now, any person who has ever been in England, or is acquainted with the state of the English press, and aware of its constant and determined habit of exposing the frailties of high life, knows such a thing to be impossible. It may be urged, we know, that the "Exclusives" is a novel, and consequently that his revelations are to be taken *cum grano salis*; but we are led to make these remarks because the Court Journal, which is also published by Colburn, insidiously pretends to vouch for the truth of the book, and to insinuate that the scenes it pourtrays are real. Other publications under the controul of the same bookseller, are not scrupulous in following the honourable example of the Court Journal. We are however happy to be able to subjoin the opinion of the Literary Gazette, a periodical of much greater veracity and respectability. We have given also a few extracts from the novel itself in another column.

"As a mere novel, these volumes have very much the same sort of merit as those belonging to that good old school of distresses and dilemmas which were the delight of our grandmothers. There is a very faultless hero, and a still more perfect heroine,—one of those super-excellent young ladies who are all simplicity and white muslin, and religiously indifferent to the colour of their court dress. These lovers are made miserable, after the ancient fashion, by misunderstandings which a word would have cleared; and, equally after the ancient fashion, are made happy by misdirected letters, containing all the necessary discoveries; so that all ends by a happy marriage. So much for the more antique parts of invention and composition. As for modern, the whole peerage has been emptied on these pages; no person therein figures without a title, or two old family names; and there is what may be called a deal of genteel reading. Of the general spirit we shall only say, we thought, and do think, the public surfeited with such trash; and of the more peculiar tone, that we can conceive nothing more outrageous, both in point of taste and feeling, than taking certain individuals, too openly designated to be mistaken, and making these real characters act the part of fictitious ones, incurring all the odium of whatever it may please the author to make them perform. As a mere picture of society, it is exaggerated and revolting. Much has been said, in the way of preliminary puff, of this novel being the first production of a lady of distinction. We will venture to assert pretty decidedly, from internal evidence that the *Exclusives* is written both by a masculine and practised (we were going to have said hackneyed) writer, and one also very evidently ignorant of the circles he professes to depict."

We see in the London Courier the advertisement of the President and Directors of the Shubenaccadie Canal Company, in Nova Scotia, offering for sale stock to the amount of £27,000. In the same paper is an editorial article strongly recommending the project, and setting forth its advantages in a proper light. The British Government have advanced on loan £20,000 for the same laudable purpose.

We understand that his Majesty's Consul at this port has addressed a letter of remonstrance to the Speaker of the House of Assembly of Upper Canada, for the improper manner, as he conceives it to be, in which his name has been introduced in the Resolutions offered to that House, by the Committee on the West India trade question.

The Harpers' published this week the second series of the "Romance of Spanish History," by T. de Trueba, the author of the "Castilian," and other popular works. The title of this book is sufficiently indicative of its interesting contents. Where, indeed, could a more romantic theme be found than ancient Spanish history, when beautifully wrought up with a mixture of fact and fiction by a brilliant imagination? Don Trueba is a native Spaniard, residing in London, who has proved by his numerous works in the English language the accuracy of his knowledge of our idiom, and the present will not certainly derogate from his previous efforts. These volumes receive additional interest from being interspersed with several of Mr. Lockhart's beautiful translations of the ancient Spanish ballads.

The *third* volume of the *Encyclopædia Americana*, published by Messrs. Carey, Lea & Carey, is in progress. We are glad to learn that this valuable work receives the patronage it is so eminently entitled to. No good library, private or public, can be without it.

The "Letters from New York," which have lately appeared in the London New Monthly Magazine, are the production of Mr. Galt.

The new Opera, entitled "Music and Prejudice, or Sold for a Song," was performed at the Park Theatre on Wednesday evening with perfect success. The piece is lively, and some of the dialogue piquant. The melodies by Barnet and Lee are very beautiful, and the selections from the Italian school very effective, particularly Pucetta's Buffo Duet, which was loudly encored. Mr. Placide realized our highest expectation, as Count Cremona. Mrs. Austin both looked the Young Hussar and sung the music of the part admirably. The Soldier's Tear, and the Spaniard's Serenade, are beautiful compositions. The piece was repeated with encreased success on Friday, to which was added the Tempest; and on Monday we observe the Caliph of Bagdad and John of Paris announced—a great treat for the admirers of Boildieu, whom Mr. Bishop, the composer, denominates the Mozart of the French school.

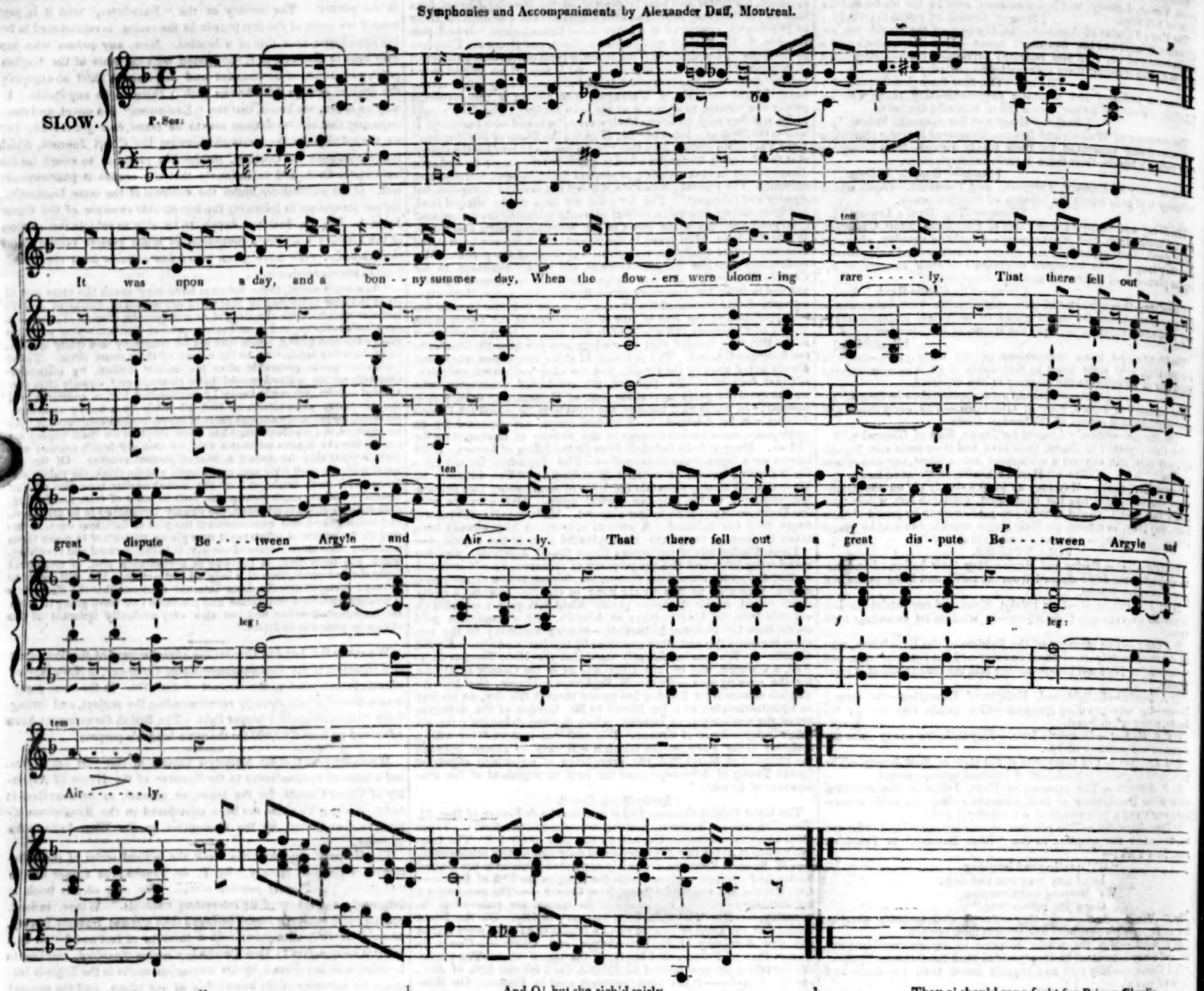
Case of Rowland Stephenson.—By the Savannah Georgian of the 10th inst. we learn that this case was tried before Judge Holt on the preceding day, and that two of the defendants pleaded guilty to the indictment for assault and false imprisonment. A *nolle prosequi* was entered on the indictments against other individuals concerned in the transaction. A trial is also to be had in the county whence Stephenson was taken.

SYLVESTERS', 120 Broadway, respectfully inform their Canada and other distant friends, that the following numbers were drawn in the New York Lottery, Class 15—44, 7, 43, 6, 45, 15. Nos. 44, 7, 43, the capital prize of $10,000, was sold in a whole ticket—the 2d capital, of $4,000, was sold in shares. No. 1, extra, 1830, $10,000 highest prize, tickets $4, to be drawn 4th February. No. 2, extra, $15,000 highest prize, tickets $5, to be drawn the 11th Feb. No. 1, regular, highest prize $30,000, tickets only $10, will be drawn 18th Feb. This latter class is most splendid, and we thus early advertise to give our distant friends time to send their orders. Tickets will be scarce, the managers having already divided the whole class. We have a large supply to prevent disappointment. Orders by mail, enclosing cash will meet every attention if addressed to N. & S. SYLVESTER, New York. Exchange and commission business as usual—persons requiring information will please addresss us. [Jan. 30.

The Montreal Gazette and the Quebec Mercury will please to give the above two insertions each.

INDIA RUBBER OVER SHOES.—Constantly on hand an extensive and superior assortment of those highly esteemed water proof shoes, comprising sizes for gentlemen, ladies, misses, and children. Persons residing in the country can have over shoes carefully fitted to their measures, to suit as well as if selected by themselves. Also, gentlemen's and ladies' India Rubber Boots, fitted with linings; very prime articles for the present season,—at the general India Rubber shoe store, 49 Maiden-lane, corner of William street. [Jan. 23—2] T. J. SMITH.

THE BONNY HOUSE OF AIRLY.

Symphonies and Accompaniments by Alexander Duff, Montreal.

SLOW.
P. Sos:
It was upon a day, and a bon - - ny summer day, When the flow - ers were bloom - ing rare - - - - - - ly, That there fell out
great dispute Be - - - - tween Argyle and Air - - - - - ly. That there fell out a great dis - pute Be - - - - tween Argyle and
Air - - - - - - ly.

II.

Argyle has rais'd an hundred men,
An hundred men and mairly,
And he's awa' down by the bace o' Dunkel,
To plunder the bonny house o' Airly.

III.

The Lady look'd o'er her window so high,
And O! but she sigh'd sairly,
When she espied the great Argyle
Come to plunder the bonny house o' Airly.

IV.

O I hae born me eleven braw sons,
The youngest has no seen his daddy,
And if I had an hundred and mair,
They a' should gang fecht for Prince Charlie.

V.

If my gude lord were here this night,
As he's awa' wi' Charlie,
The great Argyle and a' his men
Durstna plunder the bonny house o' Airly.

Varieties.

Vestris's Epitaphic Wit.—Every body has heard of the late Colonel Congreve, of "rocket memory," so justly celebrated for his inventive genius in the art of destroying his fellow creatures—(the College of Physicians were mere children of innocence compared with our fire-work Congreve.) The Colonel, who was a musical amateur, one day accompanied Madame Vestris and a party of ladies to view Purcell the composer's monument; and, "with good emphasis and with good discretion," read aloud the epitaph—"He is gone to *that* place where alone his HARMONY can be exceeded."—Vestris, the satirical little syren, who never loses an opportunity of launching a witticism, immediately exclaimed—"La! Colonel, the same epitaph will serve for you, by merely altering *one word*, thus—"He is gone to *that* place were alone his FIREWORKS can be exceeded.'" All laughed but the Colonel, who spouted no more epitaphs that morning.—*Age.*

Accident to Major Snow.—As the 67th regiment were returning from field drill, about two or three miles from Chester, by some accident Major Snow's horse fell, and the gallant Major was thrown off with considerable violence. Happily, however, although he is a very remarkably tall and heavy man, he escaped without the slightest injury. We understand that he afterwards made the accident the subject of a humourous *equiroque*, by assuring a brother officer who rejoined the regiment a day or two afterwards, that there had been *a very heavy fall of snow* in the neighbourhood during his absence.

Good Morning's Work.—At the annual meeting of the Perth Antiquarian Society, on the 26th ult., the Rev. Mr. Esdaile expatiated on the quantity of labour which man could perform by the proper appropriation of time. Of this he could adduce a remarkable example in himself, "I beg to state," said the reverend gentleman, "that a few months ago I killed a salmon and wrote a sermon before breakfast!"

There is a good deal of saucy wit in Lord Byron's anecdote of the fair astronomers. "Some literary ladies being asked how they could be sufficiently interested in astronomy to spend so much time in watching the heavens, replied that they had a great curiosity to see whether there was really a *Man* in the moon!"

A man was apprehended the other day by one of the Police, for carrying a hare through the streets; he would not say who had given it him, was therefore fined ten shillings; and the hare was sent to the workhouse for the second course of the paupers' dinners. This case appears to be extremely hard, because we, ourselves, saw a barber carrying Mr. Justice Littledale's full-bottom down to Westminster Hall the very same day, and nobody interfered with him; a proof, that in these times, it is infinitely safer for a man to carry another man's wig, than his own *hare*.

CARD TO THE LADIES.—Mrs. Cantelo has removed her Corset Warehouse to the house formerly occupied by Mrs. Langlois, No. 203, Broadway, a few doors below St. Paul's Church, between Fulton and Dey-streets. Mrs. Cantelo has connected the Millinery and Dress Making with her Corset Establishment and has no doubt by her attention and punctuality to give satisfaction [Oct 18.

NEW-YORK AND HAVRE PACKETS.

Ships.	Masters.	Days of sailing from New York.	Days of sailing from Havre.
No. 1. Charlemagne,	Robinson.	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1	Mar. 20, July 20, Nov. 20
2. Chas. Carroll	Clark,	" 10, " 10, " 10	Ap'l. 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1
Old Line—Havre,	E.L. Keen,	" 20	" 20 " 20 " 20
2. France,	E. Funk,	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1	" 20 " 20 " 20
Old Line—Henri IV.,	I. B. Peil,	" 10	May 1 Sept. 1 Jan. 1
1. Edw. Quesnel,	Hawkins,	" 20, " 20, " 20	" 10 " 10 " 10
2. Erie,	J. Funk,	Ap'l. 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1	" 20 " 20 " 20
Old Line—Sully,	R. J. Macy	" 10, " 10, " 10	June 1 Oct. 1 Feb. 1
2. Edw. Bonaffe,	Hathaway	" 20, " 20, " 20	" 10 " 10 " 10
Old Line—Francois 1st	W. Skiddy	May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1	" 20 " 20 " 20
1. Formora,	Orne,	" 10, " 10, " 10	July 1 Nov. 1 Mar. 1
Old Line—De Rham,	Depeyster,	" 20, " 20, " 20	" 10 " 10 " 10

Passage in the Cabin to or from Havre, *one hundred and forty dollars*, including beds, bedding, wine, and stores of every description.

Old Line.—Owners, C. Bolton Fox & Livingston, Miles E. Burke, 63 Washington street, New York. Agent at Havre, Larue & Palmer. Nos. 1 and 2, First and Second, or *mail* lines.—Agents, Crassous & Boyd, corner of Wall and Pearl streets, New York.—Agents at Havre, 1. E. Quesnel, Paine—2, Bouniffe, Boisgerard & Co.

NEW-YORK AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

Ships	Masters	Days of sailing from New York.	Days of sailing from Liverpool.
No. 1. New York,	Bennet,	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1,	Feb. 16, June 16, Oct. 16.
4. York,	De Cost,	" 8, " 8, " 8,	" 24, " 24, " 24
3. Manchester,	Sketchly	" 16, " 16, " 16,	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1
2. Wm. Byrnes,	Hackstaff,	" 24, " 24, " 24,	" 8, " 8, " 8
1. Wm. Thompson	Maxwell,	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1,	" 16, " 16, " 16,
4. Geo. Canning,	Allyn,	" 8, " 8, " 8,	" 24, " 24, " 24,
3. Caledonia	Rogers,	" 16, " 16, " 16,	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1,
2. John Jay,	Holdrege,	" 24, " 24, " 24,	" 8, " 8, " 8,
1. Canada,	Graham,	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1,	" 16, " 16, " 16
4. Napoleon,	Smith,	" 8, " 8, " 8,	" 24, " 24, " 24
3. Florida,	Tinkham,	" 16, " 16, " 16,	May 1, Sep. 1, Jan. 1,
2. Birmingham,	Harris,	" 24, " 24, " 24,	" 8, " 8, " 8,
1. Pacific,	Crocker.	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1,	" 16, " 16, " 16,
4. Silas Richards,	Holdrege,	" 8, " 8, " 8,	" 24, " 24, " 24,
3. Britannia,	Marshall,	" 16, " 16, " 16,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb 1,
2. Silvanus Jenkins	Allen,	" 24, " 24, " 24,	" 8, " 8, " 8,

Passage in the Cabin to Liverpool, *thirty guineas*: from Liverpool, *thirty-five guineas*: including beds, bedding, wine, and stores of every description.

No. 1 and 3, Old Line.—Agents, F. Thompson & Nephews, 97 Beekman-street. No. 2, New Line.—Owners, Byrnes, Trimble & Co. and Saml. Hicks & Sons.—No. 4, Packet Line, Owners, Fish, Grinnell & Co.

Agents in Liverpool 1st and 3d Line, Cropper, Benson & Co. 2d. Line, Wm. and James Brown & Co.—and 4th, Cearns, Fish & Crary.

. The whole of those vessels are of the very first description, are exceedingly well found and commanded by the most experienced navigators. Every comfort and convenience for the passengers is provided by the owners, and unremitting attention shown by the captains and officers on the voyage.

WOODBRIDGE SEMINARY.—The Winter Session of this Institution commenced on the 1st. Nov. The Proprietor in consequence of the pressure of the times, respectfully informs the public that he has reduced his terms to $60 the session of six months, including board; and, tuition in English, Latin, Greek, French and Spanish, and the elements of the Mathematics, with the customary branches of an useful and ornamental education. A Professor of the French and Spanish resides in the house, and French is constantly spoken in the family. Washing and Stationary extra. No student will be received for a less period than a session, nor the payment to be in advance. References of the first respectability will be given. For further information please to address the Proprietor, S. Marshall, at New York, to the care of Dr. Bartlett, Editor of this Journal; or at the country, at S. Marshall, Woodbridge Seminary, N. J. [Nov. 13.

INFORMATION WANTED respecting JOHN LOWNDES, a native of Nantwich in Cheshire, who left England about 50 years ago, and was supposed to have taken up his residence in New York or Philadelphia as a merchant or trader, and to have died about the year 1809, as his friends have had no communication from him since that period. Whoever can give any information respecting his death or any other circumstances relating to him, will confer a favour by communicating the same to [Jan. 16.—3t.] THOMAS DIXON & Co., 54 Pine street.

CONDITIONS.—Price of the ALBION, *Six Dollars per annum (exclusive of postage)—payable in advance.* All persons becoming subscribers, will be expected to continue their subscriptions until a regular notification of relinquishment is made to the Office, or to either of the Agents. Any person entering upon a new term of subscription, and afterwards wishing to resign, will be expected to continue through the half year so entered upon. All communications to the Editor or his Agents must be post paid.—Published by JOHN S. BARTLETT, Esq. *Proprietor*, every Saturday afternoon, at the office of the ALBION, corner of Cedar-street and Broadway, and forwarded by the Northern and Southern Mails on the same day; by the Eastern Mail on Sunday morning; and delivered to subscribers in the City in the afternoon and evening on the day of publication.

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